CAVALIER©

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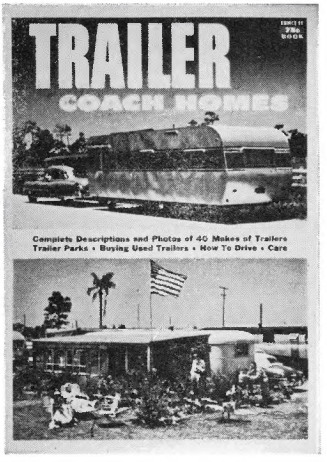
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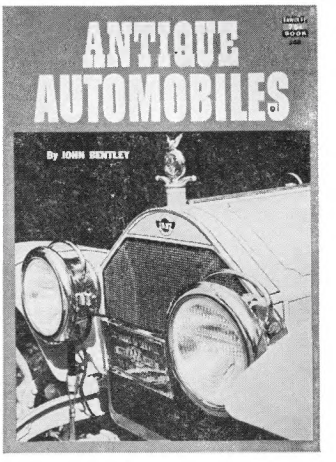

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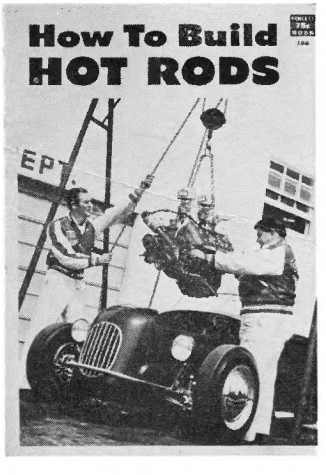

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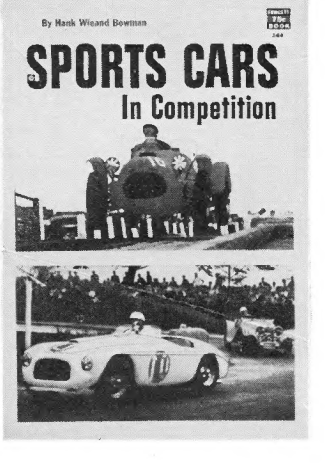

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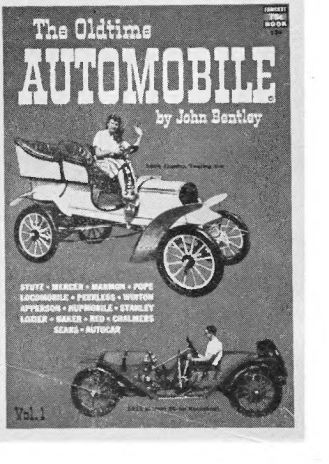

CAVALIER

MARCH, 1953

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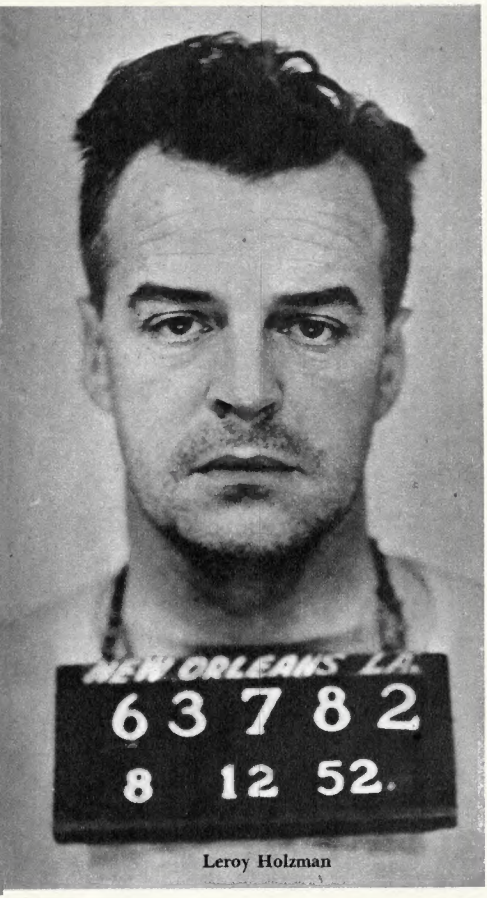


Leroy Holzman

The Man With

By Henri Wolbrette

A tall, muscular, good-looking young man with a bourbon-bleached breath walked into New Orleans' ultra-modern First District Police station one hot night last July.

He had a story to tell, but he would only grant audience to the district commander. Anywhere but First District this would have occasioned guffaws and scorn from synical policemen, but First was different. It worked under the theory that luxury sometimes makes crime not pay, and it had the luxury to offer.

A new, gleaming white building with air conditioning on the inside, it was a magnet for people with guilty consciences who expected to be nabbed, anyway. As long as the conscience was wracked with pain, they figured, the body might as well be comfortable.

Seldom were there any empty cells, and drunks and cut-ups from the nearby Vieux Carre happily climbed into police wagons that had the big First painted on the side.

Consequently, men with stories to tell were not unique to Capt Thomas Kelly, the district commander. He bade the young man into his office and told him to begin.

When the story was finished, a story told haltingly one minute and with a rush of words the next, Capt. Kelly handed out some of the fatherly advice he had been administering for more than 20 years.

"Son," he said, "you can't expect me to believe that story. You've had one too many. Go home and get some sleep and you'll be all right."

"Captain," pleaded the young man, "its true. So help me its true and you have to believe me."

But Kelly, as experienced an officer with alcoholics as any man on the New Orleans police force, shook his head and dismissed the teller

Full speed ahead was Leroy's motto as he shuttled across New Orleans to keep his daily rendezvous with each wife. The map numbers indicate all the territory he had to cover on his marital route. (1) The home Ernestine Palmer shared

Four Wives

One thing about Leroy Holzman—he was fair. Daily he made his marital rounds, artfully steeping his women in wedded bliss

of tales with the kindly admonition to please go home or get locked up.

To say that Capt. Kelly was nonplused a month later would be putting it mild. For not only did the young man's story turn out to be true, but he had actually been holding out some of it.

In fairness to Capt. Kelly, a top police officer, it must be admitted that the story as it unraveled was fantastic. But to start at the beginning, let's shift the scene from the luxurious First District to the incommodious Third, where the bleak cells are cooled only by the warm tropical air that snakes its way through the window bars.

There, on an August day, a police car pulled up and an officer and two well-dressed women got out. A few minutes later, another police car drove up with two more women passengers.

Once inside the station the four women were ushered into a large, empty room. They were strangers to each other and there was no conversation.

Before they could begin asking why they had been brought to the station, a door opened and a prisoner was led in. He wore dungaree pants, no shirts, and was unshaven.

"Eddie!"

"Elwood!"

"Mike!"

"Dan!"

Each of the women shouted a name and moved toward the prisoner. A patrolman halted their rush.

"Ladies," he said, "let me do the honors."

Pointing from one to the other, "Mrs. Braddock, meet Mrs. Brad-

TIMETABLE FOR LOVE

The saga of Leroy Holzman—New Orleans lover boy—is one for the books. While on his fantastic marital binge (he consumed four wives a day), Leroy set a record not only for endurance, but for the most perfect timing in the varied history of impetuous romance.

Moving from one end of New Orleans to the other in a 1939 Chevrolet (which, after his arrest, he tried to sell to author Wolbrette for $550), he conducted his matrimonial quartet on this schedule:

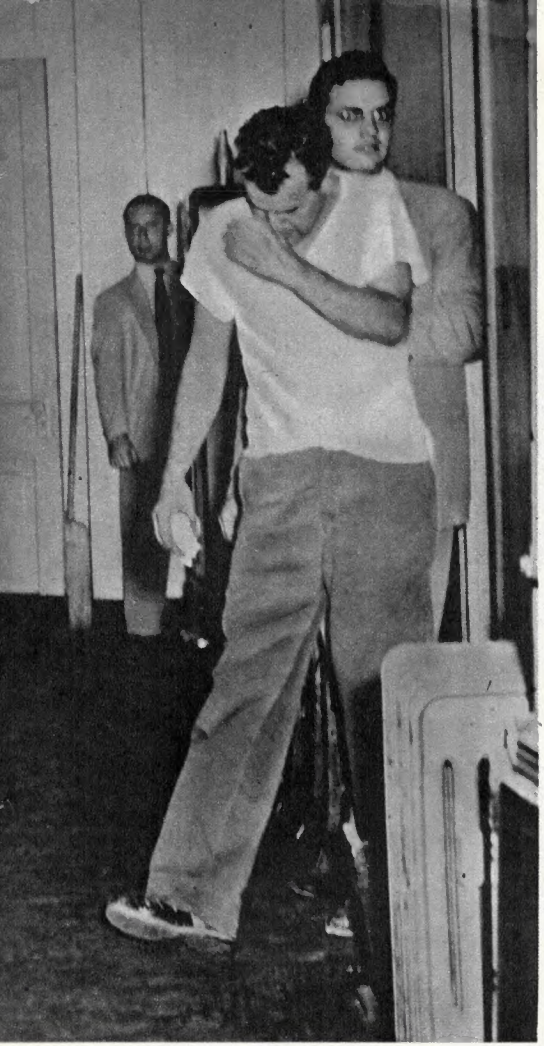
4 a.m. to 8 a.m. *With Wife No. 3, Clara Ledet, Leroy shared the dawn.*

8 a.m. to 4 p.m. and 12 a.m. to 4 a.m. *Martha Jo Fleming, Wife No. 5, was given two cracks at Leroy, whom she says she will never forget.*

4 p.m. to 12 a.m. *Beautiful and fiery Ernestine Palmer, Wife No. 6, was Mr. Holzman's faithful evening companion.*

When the big story broke in the papers, Wives No. 1 and 2 were legitimately divorced from lover boy, and Wife No. 4—whose first husband was a prominent Louisiana politician—had left Leroy because she was too overwhelmed by all his ardor.

with lover boy; (2) Martha Jo Fleming's cozy nest for fiery Leroy; (3) the limousine service where he worked—when he worked; (4) where he loved Mary Ducote; (5) a suburb, off the map, where Clara Ledet blissfully called Leroy husband.



Though he says he doesn't remember marrying three of them, Leroy bows his head as police force him to face his four incredulous wives.

dock, and this is Mrs. Braddock, too, and this is Mrs. Mitchell, only the name is really Braddock."

As the women looked at each other with astonishment, the patrolman continued, "You see, he is married to all four of you."

Thus, in a confrontation scene that made the Hiss-Chambers affair look like the opening act on a vaudeville bill, the amazing story came to light of Leroy Holzman, who found a way to love and support four wives at one time.

The words love and support are used advisedly, for Leroy did love and support his four wives, although the methods he used were at times devious.

That he loved them the wives leave no doubt.

As one of them put it, "I was married for 17 years before I got a divorce and married that Romeo. My first husband was a real man. But, oh that Leroy. What a lover. I just couldn't stand it. I left him."

Another said: "He hypnotizes you. He makes you think he cherishes you, and when I say cherish, I mean every inch."

That Leroy could leave such an impression is even more miraculous when you consider the split second time schedule he used to share himself among his wives. During the period from June, 1952, until his arrest in August, he divided his time among three of his last four wives.

In addition, Leroy, who worked miracles as though a matter of habit, found time despite his tight schedule to spend a few hours each day driving a limousine for a car company.

How could Leroy support these three wives while only working irregularly and earning little money?

His last wife thinks she has the answer. She has filed suit to recover $2200 she claims he mulcted out of her to support the others. Another wife who has a $2000 theft charge against him supposes he used her money for the same purpose.

But now the time has come to meet the multiple passengers on Leroy's excursion train of matrimony.

Wife No. 1 was a girl Leroy married in his youthful days in Baltimore. Showing the gallantry that so impressed his spouses, Leroy refused to reveal her name or any details of their marriage. They were divorced before Leroy began his hobby of collecting wives, and she plays no role in the story except to indicate its expansiveness.

Wife No. 2 was the first Southern belle to whom Leroy hitched his rising star. They were married in 1944 in New Orleans, and in 1948 she obtained a final decree of divorce. Little is known of her except that her maiden name was

DAILY 2:30 P.M. SEE FAMOUS HARBOR
DANCE TRIPS 9 P.M. FRI. SAT. SUN.
100 WONDERFUL SIGHTS
HARBOR TRIPS DAILY S.S. PRESIDENT
ENTER HERE

The mixture of moonlight, the Mississippi, and lover boy's smooth dancing proved too much for Clara Ledet and Martha Fleming, two of his wives. He wooed them both on this boat.

Mildred Ash, that she has since remarried and now has a child. She refused to see police or answer any questions.

Wife No. 3 is really the start of Leroy's marital binge. She is Clara Ledet, whom Leroy married in New Orleans on August 6, 1947, a full year before his divorce from Wife No. 2 became final. She is 40, grey-haired, and, according to Leroy, "The only one I ever loved." Also, she is the only one of his last four wives that Leroy deigns to remember marrying. For this marriage he used the name Edward Braddock.

Wife No. 4 had him for the shortest time of any wife. "I just couldn't stand all his loving. I left him in three weeks," says Mary Ducote, a buxom divorcee whom Leroy remembers as being "too fat." They were married November 9, 1951, by Justice of the Peace Richard Reese in St. Bernard Parish, which borders New Orleans. With her he was Elwood Braddock.

Wife No. 5 is Martha Jo Fleming, who suffers from chronic asthma and was described by Leroy as "sickly and too short." She married him March 3, 1952, with JP Reese again doing the honors. It was Martha Jo who finally led to Leroy's downfall. They were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Braddock.

Wife No. 6, the last known one, is statuesque blonde Ernestine Palmer, a divorcee, described by Leroy as a "real chunk of woman." They were married June 12, 1952, with "Marrying Sam" Reese once more tying the bond. She feels bitter toward Leroy for taking her for $2200 and often visits him in prison just "to see him beg me to let him out of the rap."

By now Leroy had run out of first names for Braddock and became Daniel Mitchell.

With the care and finesse Leroy used in selecting wives, he might still be picking up passengers and making out a new timetable except for fate playing him a dirty trick. It seemed that Leroy, in all innocence, slipped up when he married Martha Jo, Wife No. 5. She was a bigamist.

When he learned of this he took it in stride, and Martha Jo says she'll always have a soft spot for him because he was so sympathetic. But not so Martha Jo's first husband.

He came to New Orleans from Florida and accused Martha Jo of living in sin with Leroy. She insisted they were legally married. Husband No. 1 wasn't convinced and he went to the police. He asked police to question Leroy and find out if Leroy and Martha Jo were living in adultery.

Police, a little bored by the family row, went to the limousine service where Leroy managed to spend a few minutes between wives. They were shown the [*Continued on page* 72]

Being taken to police station to learn facts of life are Ernestine Palmer (left) and Clara Ledet. Their shyness here is small compared to their shock when told they both were Leroy's wives.

Ernestine, Wife No. 6 on the Holzman marital train, visits him in jail just to hear his mercy pleas. She's charging him with theft.

From top to bottom, a fine profile.

To Monroe such poses come naturally.

A big windup for a smooth sizzler.

The Sexy One

Not since Jane Russell's memorable performance in "The Outlaw" has an actress busted her way to fame with as much fanfare as Marilyn Monroe.

Her doctrine of hiding nothing has been well received by American men. A global thinker, Miss Monroe's main concern is the international brotherhood of males. She likes them.

Hailed as a second Jean Harlow, her triumph is not as simple as the wiseacres would have you believe. Having an hour-glass figure with the sand distributed in the right places helps; being on thousands of colored calendars from coast to coast in the nude doesn't hurt. But what really makes the fabulous Monroe fabulous is her face.

Other actresses are as shapely; certainly many are more beautiful. Marilyn's peculiar asset, so infuriating to women and fascinating to men, is that look in her eyes, that expression on her mouth. Her face is an invitation.

Between romancing with celebrities and being Hollywood's glamour queen, Marilyn needs nothing now except a big picture to establish her as an actress. She isn't worried that she's being typed as a sexy girl. Her theory is that you only become a real success when you're a specialist.

The Sexy One is. •

Upset Army officials tried to ban this recruiting picture because it "might give people the wrong notion." What notion?

A CAVALIER NOVELETTE

MURDER on the MOVE

By Tedd Thomey

Illustrated by Paul Kresse

In that twinkling before it fell, Pat Packard realized the house was a deadly weapon, like a knife or a loaded revolver. But more deadly, more inescapable.

It was a five-room house, frame, and it was perched high on four big hydraulic jacks, each of which rested upon neatly stacked cribbing blocks. Holding one of the long blocks, Pat Packard stood in the soft earth underneath the house and studied the cribbing with an expert's easy competence.

There was no warning. The house creaked and grumbled a little as Haggerty, a square timber of a man in khaki coveralls, pumped his six-foot jack handle. Pat stepped toward him, ready to place the cribbing block on top of the crib. And then, with the loud abruptness of rifle shots, two blocks broke directly below the jack.

For an instant he thought it wouldn't happen, that some sort of a miracle would keep the house steady on the other three jacks. But then, like a great mother hen squatting down on a nest of boards, the house sagged. As the crib broke up under the jack, the five rooms tilted and there was the sound of a hundred timbers splitting. Needle-sized splinters flew like spray. Crazy with fear, Haggerty was already running and his meaty shoulder cracked against Pat's chest.

As the earth slammed against his back, Pat held the cribbing block protectively before his face. Haggerty ran by, cursing as he tripped on a block. Everything was happening too fast. There was no time for thinking, no time for Pat to crawl to the open ground only six feet away.

As the floor and the fifty tons of house above it came crashing down,

Pat escaped the crashing house rigged to kill him. Then the police tried to finish the job

there was only time to watch the boards loom up as they came closer. The reddish knotholes crusted with sap like whorls of dried glue. For some reason it occurred to him that he would miss his date with Diane if he didn't do something to save himself.

Pat made one last gesture. With a wrench of his wrist, he stood the cribbing block on end and aimed it at the largest of the descending floor joists smashing toward his face.

A single cribbing block, he thought. *Six by eight inches by three feet.* Hardly enough to hold up death!

The joist crunched down deafeningly and Pat felt the block being driven into the earth like a stub of pencil. And then it stopped.

The joist held two feet from his head. The rest of the floor came down like a rug held up by a pole. Jagged fingers of pine poked at his lean hard body. Nails scraped him. Something soft brushed his cheek, a dusky web and a calm spider.

He watched the cribbing block, waiting for the first crack, the first tiny split that meant the block would break. He became aware then of how dark and quiet everything was. He stared at the block for another second or so and then he turned his head, slowly, because any small sudden movement might upset the delicate balance of the tonnage held up by the block. Behind him there was a narrow tunnel that led to daylight.

He eased himself over onto his belly and crawled carefully between twisted tubes of plumbing and past jagged arms of wood that wanted to hold him back. When the daylight was close enough to touch, he threw himself forward and rolled out from under the house onto fresh green grass that soothed his body like a soft towel.

Turning, he looked back at the house and the first thing he saw, less than a yard away, was Haggerty. The falling house had caught Haggerty, crushing him when he was only inches from freedom. From the way his head hung limply at an impossible angle, it was obvious his neck was broken.

A long-legged man came running up. Morry Bimmel. His skinny face was frightened; he held a sledge hammer by the head as easily as if it were a brier pipe.

Pat got to his feet, yelling orders. "Morry! Get the step-jacks! Where the hell is Kowski?"

He forced himself to take it easy. Only half his brain seemed to be working, but still he did the right things. Helped by the others, he got the tall, gear-toothed step-jacks in place and cribbed them swiftly. Bimmel and Kowski pumped the long handles. Finally, after nearly half an hour, Haggerty was free. The ambulance attendants, in their starched white jackets, shook their heads and covered the body with a white wool blanket. Two or three cops began to ask quiet questions.

No one did much of anything until Kowski began to shout. Kowski knelt near the step-jacks pointing at the broken crib which had supported the hydraulic jack. His round face, always red from the two quarts of beer he drank every night after work, was almost purple.

"They was sawed!" he shouted. His fingers tapped two of the cribbing blocks. "Sawed on the inside so they wouldn't show!"

Kowski jumped up. The tendons in his throat stood out like ribs. "Haggerty was murdered, that's what! And I got a damn good idea who done it!"

He glared directly at Pat. . . .

The morning sun was an hour higher in the sky when the mousey little Inspector began to question Pat. They stood together off on one side of the silent crowd. In front of them lay the house.

"I'll tell you right off, Packard." The Inspector chewed his tongue between sentences. "You're in trouble."

Pat didn't say anything. He watched a small coupé park at the curb. A long-legged girl got out. Diane. He knew he should be paying attention to the Inspector but he had trouble keeping his eyes off her. She was tall and slim, curved where her dress demanded it.

She paused, looked around uncertainly, and then started over toward Pat, striding easily across the rough ground despite the heels on her white pumps.

"I've been talking to some of your partners," said the Inspector.

Pat nodded—a short, half-inch nod. He didn't like the Inspector. He wished he would quit stalling. The guy's probing eyes made him uncomfortable.

"I understand you boys own this moving company," the Inspector said.

"Yeah," said Pat. He drawled the word with a soft Southern accent, but there was still an irritable edge to it.

"I understand you boys had just started work this morning when it happened. Around eight."

"Yeah," said Pat. He glanced over at Diane again. Kowski had halted her for a moment and was talking to her.

"That the only word you know—'yeah?' "

Pat bristled. "Yeah!" he said. He knew it wasn't smart, but he couldn't help it. He was slow to anger, but the Inspector was getting under his skin.

The Inspector's black eyes got harder and shinier. "Haggerty was working at your jack, wasn't he?"

Pat started to say "Yeah." Instead, he got out a pack of cigarettes and lit one. His fingers were steady.

"I was roundin' up some cribbin' blocks," he said, "and I asked him to take over."

"I see. . ." The Inspector paused. "And, of course, since those blocks were cut, as soon as he put a little pressure on the jack, they broke."

"Listen here," drawled Pat. He was glad his voice was more normal, soft in the Louisiana way that ten years of California living hadn't changed. "I was fixin' to come back and take over that jack. And I nearly got killed myself!"

"The fact remains," said the Inspector, "that you weren't."

The Inspector stopped speaking as Diane came up. Her eyes were filled with fear and her red lips were parted.

"Kowski was just telling me what happened!" Her hand flew to her throat. "Pat, you were nearly—"

"Now, honey," drawled Pat, "you know how Kowski carries on when he gets a little excited."

"But what *is* all this?" said Diane. Her slim fingers seized Pat's arm and he could smell the woodsy fragrance of her hair. "Are they saying you did it, Pat?"

He shrugged and looked at the Inspector.

"We're trying to get to the bottom of this, Miss," said the Inspector. He paused and glanced thoughtfully at the shattered pile of cribbing blocks under the house. "Obviously, those blocks were cut during the night by someone who knew exactly where to cut. Someone who wanted Haggerty killed. Quite possibly someone who asked him to take over the jack and—"

"I don't like the way you talk!" said Pat.

"You may not like it," snapped the Inspector, "but you're going to listen! Two of your partners, Kowski and Bimmel, came by this job last night after midnight. They were out with a couple of girls who wanted to see how a house is moved. They saw you poking around with a flashlight!"

The Inspector's black eyes probed like drills. "That was when you sawed the blocks, wasn't it?"

"No, damn it!" Pat shouted. He paused and forced himself to swallow. "I didn't saw anything! I was out lookin' for my billfold. I lost it sometime yesterday and came back to look for it!"

"Kind of late to be looking for a billfold." There was sarcasm in the Inspector's voice.

"There was two hundred bucks in it and I was afraid someone else might find it," Pat said grimly.

"A lot of money," said the Inspector. "And I don't imagine you found it, did you?"

"I'm making enough money," Pat said, "and I found the damn thing all right!"

"I see," said the Inspector triumphantly. "So that means we've only got your word that you lost it!"

Pat opened his mouth to speak. Then he snapped it shut and gritted his teeth. He looked at Diane, who was watching him sympathetically, and shrugged. The Inspector had him. He had no proof that he'd lost his billfold. He hadn't mentioned it to anyone. After discovering it was missing, he'd left his room and driven over to the job alone.

The Inspector was watching Pat expectantly. "Well?"

For a long interval, Pat scowled at the other man. But when he spoke, his words were slow, almost easy. "The whole thing's damn crazy. I didn't kill Haggerty. I had no reason to want him to get killed."

"Sort of figured you'd get around to that." The Inspector smiled. "You had your reasons all right." He glanced briefly at Diane. "And unless I miss my guess it has a lot to do with Miss Cook here."

Pat didn't say anything.

"Your partners told me all about it," the Inspector went on, "how you and Haggerty were both making a play for Miss Cook. How you had that fight last week over her and Haggerty knocked your block off. You couldn't take it, could you, Packard? Couldn't stand the competition, could you?"

Pat wasn't able to hold it back any longer. "That's a damn dirty lie!" he roared. "I fought Haggerty to a draw. And leave Diane out of this. She's—"

"You won't talk so smart where you're going," said the Inspector quietly. "I'm hooking you, Packard. I'm charging you with the mur—"

He broke off as an excited shout came from one of the uniformed officers kneeling beside the crib which had broken under the hydraulic jack. "Inspector, I think we've found something!"

The Inspector turned. "Follow me, Packard," he ordered. He started trotting over to the house. Pat and Diane walked behind him.

Pat stopped, but Diane continued to follow the Inspector.

Pat put his hands in the pockets of his blue coveralls and began to saunter toward California street. . . .

He didn't know whether he could get away with it. It was the wrong thing to do. He knew that, but he couldn't help it. He wasn't the kind of a guy that could stand being caged. In the Bayou country where he came from a guy moved around like he pleased; a guy could go fishing if he felt like it or he could work if he felt like it. He'd spent one night in jail a few years ago, when he was twenty-seven. He'd had a few drinks and busted a couple of windows. Sitting in that cell, he'd spent the longest night of his life and he'd vowed it would never happen again.

Pat walked slowly, trying to look like a man going down to the corner grocery for cigarettes or a carton of milk. He'd walked a hundred yards down the narrow strip of sidewalk before he heard the first shout. A glance over his shoulder showed him that the Inspector and two other cops were breaking into a gallop. Their guns were drawn and oil film on the dark blue barrels glistened in the sunlight.

"Packard!" warned the Inspector. "Halt or we shoot!"

Pat was already running. He heard Diane's single, high-octave shriek, and then the sound of guns. The blasts were small and crisp. Up ahead a few yards, a clean pencil streak appeared in the brown bark of a palm tree. He zig-zagged, running very close to the boundary between Long Beach and the smaller town of Signal Hill. Farther up the street loomed the tall wooden towers of a dozen derricks that had been thrown together in a hurry, back in the crazy days of the early twenties when oil had been discovered on the hill. A guy could get lost here.

He glanced back again. And he didn't like what he saw. The cops weren't chasing him now. They were climbing into a black and white sedan.

He ran until his lungs hurt and a red haze settled before his eyes. He left the sidewalk and kicked his way through a litter of bent tin cans and broken beer bottles. When he got near the pumping derricks, the coughs of their gas engines drowned out the sounds of the cops' sedan. He ran between two derricks, ducked under a broken wooden trough and skidded across ancient boards covered with a black oil slime. He stopped.

Directly in front of him, lying [*Continued on page* 68]

Thousands of volts poured through Cam's body as the others escaped.

OUR FIRST HERO IN KOREA

so acclaimed by the Department of Defense, tells the story of 14 hours when the Reds made our men . . .

TASTE HELL

by Sgt. J. R. Glaze

I'd been in Japan for less than two months when North Korean troops broke swiftly through the 38th Parallel. It was the summer of 1950.

Invasion was June 25. American troops from Japan were ordered on the alert June 30. The next day, my outfit, the 78th armored battalion, was told to pack up. We were going to shove off with the 21st Regiment, 24th Division.

We were on maneuvers just south of Yokohama at the time. We were all dressed up for war.

It didn't seem like much more than a local war to us. We figured on mopping up fast against the unmechanized Commies.

I was 24 then, a master sergeant commanding a tank platoon. Under me were kids much younger. They were green as get-out. I was just about the only one around who'd seen combat in World War II, and they seemed to be filled with the boyish delight of going off to war.

Getting up to the front took time. There was a lot of the usual hurry-up-and-wait business, especially with a week-old war that wasn't about to wait for supply lines to catch up.

Off we went on an LST to the southern tip of Korea. First we made a slow, inland trip to Taejon. Then, there was a 20-mile run by tank and truck, against a heavy stream of saddened, plodding civilians, to the Nam River.

As we got closer to the front, we heard more and more stories about the strength of the Reds. We heard they were outnumbering guys on our side something like 200 to 1.

And, when we finally got up to Chonan, about ten miles north of the Nam, we ran smack into first-hand reports. We were within holler distance of the enemy then. We found Colonel Tiger Kim's 17th South Korean Regiment gasping for breath, and pulled in to regroup at Chonan.

Kim was a good leader. Tough. He was a lot like Patton. Now, he heads the Korean Civilian Labor Battalions. Then, he had the roughest job in the war. His outfit had been on patrol duty along the 38th when the Reds smashed through on the sneak.

The 17th was made up of fighting-mad kids, aged from about 14 to 23. They battled in delaying action all the way down the line. They took everything the North Koreans could throw. They were battered and threadbare.

That's when we really began to hear some talk about the enemy. We heard how cruel he was to prisoners and how he murdered the wounded. And, in a few hours, we'd be replacing Kim's men.

My own outfit was a Sherman tank group. But that was strictly T.O. stuff. We didn't have those medium babies at all. Just light M-24's. We heard the Commies were using

Victims of our bazookas, these two massive Russian-made tanks will see no more action. Red crews were slaughtered.

the big Russian T-34 jobs. No American tanks had ever met them yet. It was going to be tough—experimenting in our light models.

Soon, we shoved off again. Up the winding, dusty, strategic road that leads from Seoul to Pusan. We stopped two miles north of Chonan and two miles south of Chochiwon.

At Chochiwon, the Reds were piling in for an attack. We had to stop them.

That was the evening of July 9. Ahead of us was a jungle-thick patch of trees. Beyond that, our maps showed, was a hill and then a barren, infertile rice paddy. Across the paddy was a ridge. And beyond that—the enemy.

"A" Company of the First Battalion, 21st, was holding the ridge. They were out there alone, our forward flank. They told us at nightfall, by radio, that they could see columns of Reds moving into position below their hold on the ridge. They expected attack.

The nighttime blackness crouched on us with tension and nervous quiet. We were sitting right flush in the path of the narrow-necked Communist march. We were right at the top of the defensive line and the boyish fun of going off to war was plain gone from our troops. We were there.

A strange sort of panic bit at our outfit at dusk. Rumors got around that North Koreans were infiltrating all through the countryside. Through that paddy. Over that hill, among those trees and all through the countryside. It was hot, dirty, smelly countryside.

The next day began for me at 4 a.m.

In the darkness I heard a whispering, excited voice. It was the company C.O., Captain "Mad Arab" Beziet. He'd crawled over to my position to give me the bad news.

"A" Company had been hit by a wild-shouting charge of Reds at midnight. The ridge had been overrun. "A" Company's men, thinking the enemy charge was bigger than it really was, took off in disorder. Many of them were wounded and killed. Some escaped. Only three men stayed behind to fight off the Reds. The ridge [*Continued on page* 76]

Maj. Gen. George Griner proudly presents the medal.

D.S.C. for Sgt. Glaze

Though at 26 he looks more like Peck's Bad Boy, Sgt. J. R. Glaze has been hailed by the Department of Defense as the "first important hero of the Korean War."

Sgt. Glaze enlisted in the Army from his home-town of Linden, Texas, at the age of 17. He was a member of General Patton's armor-crusted troops in Europe, winning two campaign stars in World War II. He now wears three decks of ribbons on his tunic front, along with two unit citation ribbons.

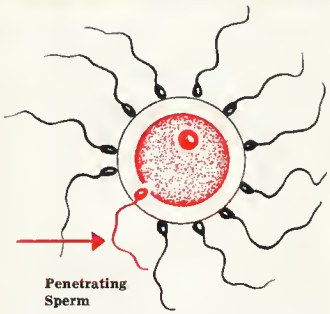
On a post-war tour of German duty, he met and married Ursula, a fraulein from Halberstadt. Early in 1950 he was reassigned from duty at Fort Riley, Kansas, to Japan. On July 30th of that year Ursula was preparing to meet him in Toyko and set up a home there. But, by that date, he was in Brooke Army hospital in Texas—a victim of the Korean "incident"—waiting to meet her.

For his ten days on Korean soil, Sgt. Glaze was awarded five battle ribbons. In one day of combat he received wounds that paralyzed his left arm. Now, after two years, he has regained nearly full use of the limb and is awaiting a commission. The Sergeant is currently stationed at Dallas.

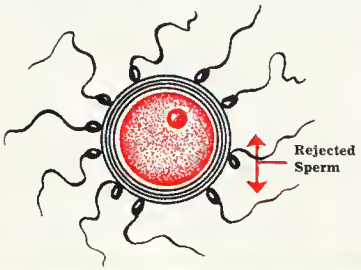
Due to his heroic action against two Russian tanks July 10, 1950, Sgt. Glaze was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the nation's second-highest military honor. He is officially listed as leading the first tank engagement of the Korean War.

A Simple Pill for

By Eric Northrup



Pregnancy results when the sperm fertilizes the egg by penetrating it (see above). The new pill, according to Dr. Sieve, fortifies the egg's surface cells and at the same time neutralizes the chemical penetrating power of the sperm (below).



The pills you see at the top of this page look like oversized aspirins. Study them closely and you will discover nothing unusual; they might easily be confused with millions of other pills that cram bottles on drugstore counters throughout the nation. Yet *these* pills have just performed a minor miracle that may do more to change our social habits and revise the face of human society than radar, supersonics and television combined.

Two hundred and ninety-eight American couples, supervised by Dr. Benjamin R. Sieve, a Boston fertility specialist, swallowed these tablets daily, over periods ranging from three to thirty months, to prove that contraception, with the aid of a simple pill, can be definitely successful.

The evidence, as published in a recent issue of "Science," official organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, shows that all of these couples were able to deliberately control fertility, turning it on or off at will, by simply following Dr. Sieve's prescription.

Where is the sexually active man or woman who has not remarked, behind drawn shades, "Won't it be great when you can just take a pill?" That short statement tells volumes about the irksome and absurdly primitive birth control methods that still prevail in this atom-smashing, antibiotic age. It is true that many contraceptives used today are safer, more reliable than ever before. But from an aesthetic and technical standpoint they are as awkward, as offensive, as the methods used by the Egyptians 4,000 years ago.

Last September, Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard, brought this darkly-whispered subject within hearing range of all America when he predicted that by 1961 there would be "cheap, harmless anti-fertility components to be added, as one sees fit, to the diet."

Now, with Dr. Sieve's discovery already docketed among the most remarkable experiments of medical history, it's a sure bet to say that "Dr. Conant's little pills," as the funsters dubbed them, will be sitting beside the tomato juice on ten million dinner tables long before the year 1961 rolls around.

In spite of his exciting results, Dr. Sieve warns that birth control by prescription is not yet at the marketing

Birth Control

One of the most important medical discoveries of all time will enable man to safely separate sex from procreation

stage. Don't expect to run down to the corner drug store, ask for a gross of b.c. tablets, and march home with your precious package of pills rolled up in this month's issue of CAVALIER. A lot of wrinkles remain to he ironed out by Dr. Sieve and hy other scientists who are conducting experiments with a dozen new antifertility compounds.

One of the wrinkles in phosphorylated hesperidin—the drug reported by Dr. Sieve—is the rigid pill-taking schedule that must be observed.

To be 100 per cent effective, the pills must be swallowed at least three times daily, preferably at mealtime, by both partners, for a preliminary 10 day build-up period, during which antifertility action has not yet been established. After the 10 days, sexual intercourse, without benefit of condom, diaphragm or other accessories, is safe for as long as the 3-a-day routine is maintained. A return to normal fertility can he accomplished by simply going off the pills for 48 hours. But once off, there's no way back except via the 10 day build-up period to assure contraception.

The ideal birth control pill of tomorrow will undoubtedly be potent enough to guarantee temporary sterility lasting from several days to a week; it will also become effective .within three to six hours after swallowing. But, even more important than lasting power and swiftness of contraceptive action are the following vital factors now being studied by medical scientists.

Before it is put on sale, the pill will be carefully screened to see that it causes no harmful side effects upon the health of the user, that it does no damage to normal fertility (hirth control must be completely voluntary, without injuring the ability to conceive), and that it does not depress potency or inhibit desire.

Phosphorylated hesperidin on the basis of the Boston experiments, meets these standards with flying colors. Thirty volunteers who received up to 25 times the normal dosage of the drug over a 10 to 50 day period, showed no toxic side effects of any kind. Of the 220 couples who desired children, none had any difficulty in conceiving after the tests were over. Libido and potency, freed from the annoyance of everyday contraceptive gadgets, increased sharply in both sexes. Many of the participants reported a wonderful new upswing of desire in the marriage relationship.

"It's the darnedest thing," said J. B., furniture salesman, aged 46, "Mary and I haven't been this way in 10 years or more. We're rarely 'tired' and we forget TV at least three or four nights a week."

A highly attractive social registerite, aged 30, admitted, "Sex had become a sort of dutiful but uninspired function, more trouble than it was worth. I began spending more time in charities and club work, less with John. Now we take long motoring week-ends together, dodge invitations so that we can be alone."

One handsome young couple, apparently well-mated, had heen going through a crisis in their sexual relations. The wife had become frigid after only three years of marriage, at a time when the family finances were insecure. "Fear of a second pregnancy," she said, "killed all pleasure for me." She refused to trust the diaphragm; her husband had a strong aversion to the condom. This wrangle over contraception persisted, even after the financial situation improved and fear of pregnancy was no longer a factor. The Boston experiment, coming when it did, helped to solve this crisis and prohably saved the marriage. "Give us a bucketful of pills," they said, "and we'll gladly swallow them."

In his medical report, Dr. Sieve states that frequency of sexual intercourse rose in many cases to a high approximating "the frequency pattern practiced in the early months of their marriages."

To top off these qualifications, phosphorylated hesperidin, derived from the rind of citrus fruits, is a drug that can be cheaply and easily produced in quantities sufficient to meet mass market requirements.

How this drug works to brake human fertility is the $64 question to which no one can give all the answers. Dr. Sieve's theory, based on his own results and upon experiments with laboratory animals by other researchers before him, is that the compound acts as a chemical roadblock which prevents the sperm [*Continued on page* 60]

The New York Times
1952 by The New York Times Company
TUESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1952
U.S. JURY INDICTS 65
IN SMUGGLING GOLD
WORTH 500 MILLION
Metal Legally Bought Resold
in Black Market at 100%
Profit or More, Panel Says

U.S. Attorney Myles J. Lane termed the indictment of 65 smugglers as the first major attack on gold thieves.

HOT GOLD

With gold abroad worth three times its U. S. price, hordes of smugglers are running our reserves—right into our enemy's hands.

By Emile C. Schurmacher

International gold smugglers have become an unseen threat to our national security. Living by camouflage and deceit, they run some $500,000,000 worth of the precious metal out of the country every year. Lured by a flourishing black market abroad, American smugglers go to daring lengths to get their bootleg gold overseas. Much of it ends up behind the Iron Curtain. Although little has been admitted publicly, since 1950 we have been waging an unceasing battle to stop "hot" gold from being used against us in the Cold War.

"The threat is only partly economic," a Treasury official told me. "Our losing the gold is trivial compared with what unfriendly nations, getting hold of it, stand to gain."

Inspector O'Brien holds a captured smuggler's specially designed vest. In it, and in the suitcases, are 55 lbs. of pure gold originally destined for Lisbon delivery.

You are now looking at the life savings of a man who converted all his cash into gold, hoping to sell it on the U.S. black market and make a killing. He's in jail.

Defiant to the last are Frank, Eva and Jack Joseph (right), picked up with $100,000 in gold. Smugglers seldom squeal.

What they gain, and how they gain it, is best illustrated by the Joseph Case. . . .

On the night of January 9, 1952, Patrolmen Joseph Lynch and Henry Cronin, two New York City cops on a routine patrol, were cruising in a radio car on Henry Hudson Parkway in the vicinity of 96th Street when Cronin spotted two sedans parked close together in Riverside Park.

"Coupla petting parties to break up," he said.

As the radio car headed in, one of the parked cars quickly started off, sped out of the park and disappeared.

"Probably a married guy in that one," commented Lynch. "Let's see what's in the other."

Street-light limned the occupants—a beautiful blonde in her early twenties and two male companions. One appeared to be about her own age, the other, considerably older. This did not look like an innocent petting party.

Advancing on the car, both cops prudently drew their revolvers.

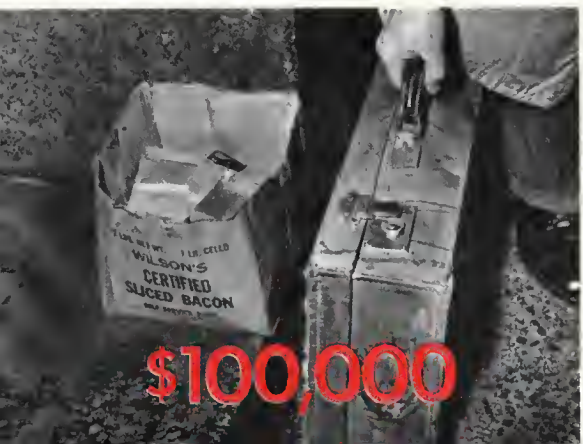
Suddenly a door flew open. The older man jumped out and frantically tossed something into the bushes.

"Get back there," Lynch ordered sternly.

He kept the three covered while Cronin, with the aid of a flashlight, retrieved the package. It was small and very heavy. An ingot of pure gold.

The surprised Cronin began to search the sedan. In the

Concealment is the key to a smuggler's existence. The Josephs (see above), members of an international ring, were sure no one would spot gold in a drab carton and suitcase.



$100,000

This cache of gold coins, valued at $135,000 was found under the rear seat of an automobile scheduled for shipment to Holland. Car's added weight was the giveaway.

$135,000

Saul Chabot's attempt to smuggle $171,000 in gold aboard the Queen Elizabeth almost succeeded. He stowed it away in the fenders of his car, but Customs soon caught on.

Customs officials examine a portion of the 313 lbs. of gold Chabot tried to get to Europe. Most smugglers are in it for greed, don't realize how they help the Reds.

glove compartment and hidden under the seats he found 15 more packaged ingots. Ten were stamped "U.S. Assay Office, N. Y. Fine." The other six were stamped "U.S. Assay Office, N. Y. Crude."

"What's all this?" Cronin demanded.

The two men glared. The blonde stared at him with big brown eyes, her sultry lips framed in defiance.

Cronin and Lynch exchanged uneasy glances. Suspicious as the circumstances appeared, no crime as yet had been proven. It is perfectly legal, under certain conditions, for a citizen to be in possession of gold ingots.

"I'm calling in," Lynch announced, and started off.

Scarcely was he out of sight when the older of the two men lunged desperately at Cronin. One powerful hand grabbed the cop's gun wrist, forcing it upward. The other pinned his left hand at his coat pocket. There was a painful snap. Cronin winced, his thumb broken.

Then he went into action. The fight was short, but intense. . . .

At 12:55 a.m. Thomas J. Duncan, agent in charge of the Special Customs Rackets Squad received a phone call from the New York City police at his home.

"We've picked up three characters who may interest you," he was informed. "Also some gold ingots."

"Be right down," Duncan promised and reached for his pants.

Anyone in possession of gold ingots interests Tommy Duncan. The Rackets Squad which he heads, under the direction of James H. Page, Supervising Customs Agent, is a small, fast-moving bureau of the U.S. Treasury Department. Its job is to stop the $500,000,000 a year illegal exodus of gold from the United States.

When Duncan arrived at Headquarters he took a good look at the shapely blonde, the two men and the 16 gold ingots. The ingots told their own story. The blonde and the two men weren't doing too much talking.

Her name was Eva Joseph, 22. The younger man was her husband, Jack, also 22. He was "in leather goods." The older man, Frank, 47, was Jack's brother, a diamond merchant. All three were scrupulously devoid of identification.

What were they doing with the ingots? An "unknown person" had left them in the car, said Frank Joseph. Just like that.

"This," sighed Duncan to Ed Sweeney, Secret Service man, who had also been routed out of a warm bed, "promises to be quite a night."

Patrolman Cronin appeared on the scene, with his thumb neatly taped and an indignant tale to tell.

He had completed his tour of duty, received medical attention and gone home, he explained. No sooner had he taken off his coat and hung it up when he felt a strange object in it, a rolled-up glove. In the glove was a key bearing the imprint of the Andrew Jackson Apartments, 601 West End Avenue. While breaking the cop's thumb, Frank had neatly contrived to stuff the glove in the pocket.

The officers and U.S. Agents headed for the Andrew Jackson Apartments where they learned that Mr. and Mrs. Jack Joseph had a one room apartment. In a closet of that apartment they found a sizable hoard--$60,000 in gold ingots, $45,000 in cash.

Shortly before dawn the three Josephs were booked for illegal possession of gold and turned over to Treasury men.

Where were the $101,300 worth of ingots headed for when Patrolmen Cronin and Lynch broke up what they first thought was a "petting party?"

There are several possibilities, and they all point to the East. In the States gold is pegged at $35 an ounce. Brought into Hong Kong that same ounce doubles in value. In Bombay it's worth up to $90. And behind the Iron Curtain a man can just about name his own price.

By crafty manipulation the international gold smuggler converts his contraband into diamonds or dope to be smuggled back into this country. He makes complicated currency exchanges in the black markets of Europe; bolsters the trade credits desperately needed by Communist countries to gear themselves for war; and makes possible the buying of machine tools, rare metals, arms and explosives. The financing of extensive espionage and sabotage activities is, in part, done with his help.

For all of these purposes gold smuggling thrives," says Thomas J. Duncan, head of the little-known Special U.S. Customs Rackets Squad. "We crack down on one gang of smugglers and there's another ready to try to outsmart us. They figure that it's worth the risk. The boys at the other end of the line want gold badly. Our gold, like this. . . ."

He handed me a small ingot from a briefcase. It was surprisingly heavy. It glittered under the electric lights. On one surface it bore the round, deeply imbedded seal of the U.S. Assay Office. At one end, even more deeply imprinted, was an untidy blur where the serial number had been.

"Evidence for Assistant U.S. Attorney Louis Kaplan from our latest seizure," he explained.

"Every Assay Office ingot bears a serial number which a smuggler tries to obliterate to prevent it from being traced. It doesn't work. A spectroscopic examination reveals the serial number despite mutilation." . . .

Saul Chabot (right), international operator, was handed five years for his extensive smuggling activities. Light sentences are one of the reasons smugglers are so bold.

We were sitting in Duncan's quietly obscure office at 201 Varick Street, New York City.

It isn't an impressive office. A clutter of desks, files, card indexes. Across the hall is a windowless room with a couple of double-tiered beds, whose unkempt state indicate brief snatches of sleep taken by agents on long tours of duty.

What *is* impressive are the three men who are the core of the Special U.S. Customs Rackets Squad: clever Tommy Duncan, young-looking Robert R. Turner, and "Abe" Eisenberg, a man of a hundred faces and a dozen languages. Assisting them, when needed, are U.S. Customs inspectors and trained undercover agents. But these three are the experts among experts. They have been trained in diplomacy and finesse. In coping with the peculiar crime of gold smuggling, they have to walk a figurative tightrope over a chasm of international complications.

It is illegal, for instance, for a person to take gold out of the United States without a special, hard-to-get permit. But it is not necessarily illegal for him to bring smuggled gold into many foreign countries. In several, as a matter of fact, he is received with open arms and encouraged to bring in more.

A very natural question is: Where does the gold come from?

"Most of it is chiseled out of the licensing system the government has set up to supply gold to legitimate industrial, professional and artistic users," explains United States Attorney Myles J. Lane. People like jewelers and dentists.

A reputable manufacturing jeweler usually buys gold from a licensed refiner who acquires the ingots from a U.S. Assay Office. Such gold is .9977 fine, as pure as can be obtained. If the ingot bears the U.S. Assay Office seal or that of licensed refiner Handy and Harman, it is accepted without question at face value anywhere on the globe.

One refiner, who himself was later caught in a smuggling attempt, blandly told Abe Eisenberg, "A guy comes in, hands me a card that says he's a jeweler from Jacksonville or Milwaukee or St. Louis and he wants some gold for a line of wedding rings, bracelets and necklaces that's gonna be made. I sell him. So what? Am I the F.B.I. or something to follow him up? Look here."

The man produced for Eisenberg a plausible sheaf of invoices. So did other suspect suppliers. They were all eager to "cooperate" with invoices which, when tallied up, neatly accounted for all ingots as jewelry. Eisenberg was convinced that quantities of the ingots were being bought up by smugglers. He put in an endless amount of legwork following up suspect invoices, but they led him up blind alleys.

The U.S. Customs Rackets Squad has one ace in the hole, however—the weight of gold itself. It's heavy stuff. One cubic foot weighs a ton. Put a dozen small ingots in the false bottom of a piece of airplane luggage and you know you're carrying something.

"Gold smugglers aren't wasting any time in transporting the stuff," Tommy Duncan told the Squad shortly after it was activated. "We'll play the international airports."

He had another reason, too. There were no regular Customs procedures for inspecting foreign-bound passenger luggage. Unlike other nations, we've always been lax in what we've allowed to be taken out of the country.

Thus it happened that on the hot, steamy morning of September 23, 1950, the Squad was tentatively looking things over at La Guardia Airport when a thin, perspiring man entered the waiting room. He took off his coat, placed it down on the bench beside him, then began pacing nervously.

"I've seen that guy somewhere before," Eisenberg remarked thoughtfully. "I've got it—at a refiner's. He was with another guy who claimed to be an out of town jeweler."

"Better keep out of sight," Duncan advised and sent Turner to make some discreet inquiries about the man and his luggage.

"The gent's name is Louis Feirst," Turner reported. "He's got one suitcase. Overweight.

"But," he added, "he's not bound for Europe or North Africa. He's booked out on the next flight for Rio."

Duncan sighed thoughtfully. An experienced agent who has been with Customs since he started as a messenger boy at the age of 16, he still had something to learn about the devious maneuverings of gold smugglers. It didn't seem logical to run gold from the United States to Brazil unless . . . well, the U.S. Assay seal on an ingot made it readily negotiable and above suspicion. Perhaps Rio was only a stopover for Feirst en route to a European destination.

Duncan is very thorough. He spotted an air hostess he knew, an attractive brunette. He spoke to her.

The brunette walked across the waiting room, brushed against Feirst's coat, retrieved it from the floor and apologized.

"It's light," she reported to Duncan.

"Maybe he's carrying some of the stuff around his stomach in a special vest," Duncan suggested hopefully. "Trip in front of him, get your hands around his waist."

The brunette registered reluctance.

"Go on," Duncan encouraged. [*Continued on page* 56]

French police examine the wrecked car of Karl Schwartz, American textile manufacturer who crashed in town of Dijon. They found 174 lbs. of 24 carat gold in his Buick.

Road Racing's Most

Through towns and traffic, across mountains and frontiers, in dead of winter

The author.

By Svend-Aage Nielsen

You think of things during the Rallye Automobile Monte-Carlo, but you don't dare think of too many things. You know in advance that you're in the most grueling, most fantastic automobile race in the world, so you don't think about that. You know about the blood-red river and the 40-foot embankment on a hairpin turn where three cars in a row shot off into space to land in a triple-deck sandwich of twisted wreckage, so you don't think about that, either.

And there comes a time during the four nights and three days of blizzard-haunted racing over the most dangerous roads in Europe that you can't think at all. You just sit there and drive, and your mind is a total blank. Until you hit the glare ice on a cliff road at 80 mph and look straight down at a village a mile below—then suddenly you think.

If you're not a red-hot racing fan, you may never have heard of the Rallye Automobile Monte-Carlo. And if you do know of the fear and respect it inspires, you may not know of the weird regulations and happenings that have made it the all-time classic of stock-car raising. So, before joining me at the Arctic Circle for the race against 400 other drivers that will take us in mid-winter from 12-foot snowdrifts to the palm-lined Mediterranean Sea, let's take a look at what we're up against.

The Rallye began casually enough in 1911 as a sort of publicity stunt. The gambling casinos of Monte-Carlo were in the doldrums, with most of the tables empty, when some inspired gambler got the idea for an auto race to liven things up. Not just an ordinary race, with the cars running around in circles, but a real hell-bender. As finally worked out by the agreeable Automobile Cluh of Monaco, that's exactly what they got—and it still is, only more so.

It was originally called the Star Race. Five points in Europe, all equidistant from Monte-Carlo, were picked as starting points. Athens, Greece; Barcelona, Spain; John O'Groats at the top of the British Isles; Umea, Sweden; and Tallin, Estonia, were among the first starting points named. The idea was that each driver entering the race would start at the official point closest to his home, and at the starting gun all would drive like crazy for Monte-Carlo.

Grueling Grind

under awesome conditions—that's the Rallye Automobile Monte-Carlo

The cars were to be stock cars, taken as they came from the factory, and the roads, ferry boats, traffic rules and snow storms were to be taken as they came. They came rough.

Between wars, Iron Curtains, vastly improved cars and roads, and the consummate trickery of some of the drivers, the rules have been changed and sharpened many times in the 22 races that have been held since the gas-buggy days of 1911. But the spirit of the race, and the general idea of it, remain the same. It is a race for the automobile driver as opposed to the racing car driver, though many professionals do enter, and it's over roads that come along good, bad, and worse, just as any tourist would find them.

We won't go into the countless rules—they fill a whole book—designed to keep the drivers honest and the race fair. In brief, the rules state that the cars should arrive at the finish line in the same state, minus normal wear, that they left the factory. No souped up motors permitted; no crumpled fenders or smashed grilles; no oversize wheels, and no stripped-down car bodies.

Just to make sure that no driver substitutes new fenders or other parts of the car after a bad crackup, all vital parts of the car are marked with a secret ink at the start of the race, and all these marks are developed by the judges at the finish. A missing mark and the driver is disqualified.

One item will give you an idea of just how detailed and strict the rules have become. Article 53 states that each

The finish line at Monte-Carlo is a sight that only about half the entrants in this fantastic marathon ever get to see.

In the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe, drivers from Lisbon, Glasgow and Stockholm converge at the Paris control point for the final dash south across France.

It's time-out for makeup as Mrs. E. M. Wisdom and Miss S. van Damm check in at Paris. Women also enter the Monte-Carlo Rallye, but compete under more liberal rules.

competitor and his team-mate (some of the larger cars can carry up to four passengers) must weigh not less than 132 pounds each. Should one or both weigh less than that, the difference must be made up with ballast. Tools or luggage don't count. The ballast has to be in the form of ingots or sand bags, which is marked or sealed at the start of the race, and must be in the car at the finish.

Now for the final catch. Though the whole race from each starting point to Monte-Carlo is about 1,850 miles long, it is divided up into control points averaging about 125 miles apart. Each driver must check in at each control point within a specified time or be eliminated. Thus, the whole race is broken up into a series of shorter races, the loss of any one of which can cost you the whole race. If that's not enough, there are secret control points along the way just to make sure you don't make up for lost time by taking a short cut.

But enough of the rules. Let's get this race on the road. All over Europe, the drivers head for their starting point. For this race the starting points named are Oslo, Stockholm, Glasgow, Munich, Lisbon, Palermo, and Monte-Carlo, itself. Being a Scandinavian and having raced in the Rallye ever since 1936, I pick Stockholm because I know the northern roads best.

I am one who races *con amore*—just for the love of it. Most of us in the small-car class, driving our little Hillmans, Fords, Morris-eights, German Volkswagens and Swedish Volvos, are in the race for the fun of it. Many of the big boys, driving Jaguars, Allards, Ferraris, Alfa-Romeos, Talbots and Mercedes, spend a fortune getting ready for the race; some of them drive *con amore*, others for the experience and prestige. None drive for the prize money. The first prize of a million francs is just about enough to cover the cost of the trip.

My companion on the trip, Bert Junker and I have spent two weeks getting our little Ford tuned up to perfection. Being veterans, we carry two shovels, block and tackle, "landing strips" made of metal and linen, a regular tool kit, snow chains, extra cans of gas, an extra set of batteries, and vacuum bottles to keep our food and coffee warm. We are dressed for a trip to the North Pole, even though the car carries a large heater.

We pay special attention to our lights. In addition to the regular lights I carry three sturdy spotlights, two big fog lamps, and one enormous wide-angle lamp that does the work of two headlights. Some of the drivers cover their cars with lamps, even putting them beneath the bodies to facilitate emergency repairs and tire changes. At one time they even carried dazzlingly bright rear lights, which have since been outlawed.

At 9 a.m. on the morning of January 22, 1951, it is still dark in Stockholm. The temperature stands at 20 degrees above zero, but the weather forecast is for snow and colder. Thousands of people are jammed into the square, and other thousands of fans line the road we will take out of the city. The big cars are to go first, and promptly at 9, the starting flag drops. The roar of the crowd all but drowns the roar of their motors.

Sitting there, waiting my turn, I find it hard to realize that down in Lisbon, Monte-Carlo, and Palermo, other racers are starting out at the same second beneath a bright, warm sun, and that their routes are lined with palm trees and orange groves. Here in Stockholm, the pre-dawn darkness grows even darker beneath the heavy cloud layer of the approaching blizzard.

We freeze in silence, not daring to turn on the motor and heater because we can't afford to waste precious gas. It comforts us a little to know that the drivers starting from Oslo, Glasgow and Munich are faced with the same bad weather that is settling over us.

There goes my flag!

I start out cautiously. The cars preceding me have packed the night's fall of snow into a smooth surface as slick as grease, and as we take the first sharp corner, I feel the rear wheels starting to slide. I turn into the skid, picking a soft spot where the snow has been piled high at the side of the road. We hit it side-on, and bounce gently back into the middle of the road. We don't even look back. This is routine for any Swedish driver; in Sweden, all the big races are held in the winter, so we learn how to work with the snow instead of against it.

Out in the country, the roads are still slick, but better. We encounter another form of trouble. In the city, the traffic had been held back for us, but now we are confronted with the regular flow of traffic that is to haunt us all the rest of the way to Monte-Carlo. Huge lorries coming toward us force us to swing far to the left (in Sweden all traffic keeps left) where the snow on the shoulder of the road is loose. Worse than that, the snow also conceals culverts, mile-stones, and ditches that parallel the road.

We come to our first wreck. A British car has left the road, slid across the snow-filled ditch, and wrapped itself around a tree. We look to see if anyone has been badly hurt. The driver and his companion are waving us on.

Years ago, the sporting thing was to provide assistance to competitors in trouble, but today the rules make allowances for such help only when someone has been seriously injured. It is still just as sporting. Since we all know the rules, we know that getting out of our own difficulties is a part of the race.

Further along, loose snow grabs our left wheel and a split-second later, we are in a "dive-down." We stop with the snow of the ditch covering our radiator.

This, too, is routine. My partner is out with the metal and linen landing strips, which he places under the rear wheels and then unrolls over the snow and back to the road. I get out the block and tackle and tie onto a guard rail we had missed by a matter of inches. Ten minutes later we are on our way.

The race to our first control point requires an average speed of 31 mph if we are not to be penalized right at the start. Easy enough to average on the New Jersey Turnpike, hut tough to make when you have to fight ice, snow, traffic, and dive-downs. Should we ever be two hours late at any check point we would automatically be eliminated.

I work my speed up to 70 mph to make up for the lost ten minutes. We turn on the radio, and hear about ourselves in the news. We have passed a secret control point, and the judge there has reported to the radio station that we "are on schedule, with no visible damage showing."

That is good news. We open a couple of vacuum jugs, and eat without slowing down.

Nightfall comes early in the north, and with it comes the first flakes of the promised blizzard. A wind springs up, and the loose snow begins racing across the slick road in floating patches that look as solid as the road itself. We strain our eyes, trying to pick out the icy ruts beneath the shifting patches. The wind finds cracks in the car we didn't know it had, and the cold becomes intense. We turn up the heater.

More trouble. As soon as the heat begins to be felt, the windshield and windows begin to frost up. We turn the hot air on them, and rub them with our woolen mittens, but we cannot keep up with the rapid formation of frost.

By midnight I am reduced to driving with my nose pressed to the windshield, my view of the road limited to one small peep-hole through the frost.

"The snow will stop soon," I shout to my friend. "How about it?"

He nods without another word being said. I swing over to the side of the road, and we both tumble out of the car, tools in our numb hands. Off comes the windshield, and we toss it into the rear.

Now it is really cold. Though we are in a thick forest through which the storm cannot blow, our own speed hurls the snow into our faces with lashing force. Drifts pile up around our ankles, and more drifts seep through our heavy collars and form around our bare necks. Fortunately our heavy ski-goggles protect our eyes and prove impervious to the wind. Soon the whole rear of the car is one big pile of snow. We hope the blizzard subsides before we freeze.

A car looms out of the swirling snow. Only its rear end is visible, the rest being buried in the banked snow at the road's edge. Slowing down, I recognize the two French drivers who step into the rays of our headlights. One is covered with blood. I brake gently and come to a complete stop.

"It is nothing," the driver tells me. "My friend, it is but a bloody nose from bumping the instrument panel."

I quickly size up the situation. They had skidded off the road when the driver lost sight of it because of the frost on his windshield.

"Take off your windshield like we did," I tell him. "It's the only way."

"You think I'm crazy?" the Frenchman demands of me. "Tonight we may lose the race, but it will be with the windows closed and the heater running!"

As we drive off we hear the man with the bloody nose shouting after us, "Tomorrow you will both be dead of pneumonia."

We streak on. We are still leading our field. In spite of our dive-down and our stop with the Frenchmen, we have not been passed.

We reach the ferry that will take us to Denmark only five minutes behind schedule. Luck is with us. The boat is scheduled to depart in ten minutes. I visit the captain in person.

"I am an honest man," I tell the captain. "Not for anything would I ask you to sail ahead of schedule, but will you be sure to sail on the dot, no matter who might be coming?"

"Granted," he says, and gives me a big grin.

We have caught up with some of the big boys who have been forced to wait for the ferry. We all go into the lunchroom and wolf down sandwiches and coffee during the 15 minutes it takes us to make the crossing.

We spend one hour at our control point in Copenhagen. This is compulsory—unless one is late—to give everyone a fair break at control stations. Otherwise, 10 or 12 drivers might arrive within minutes of each other, and be compelled to wait an undue length of time while the first arrivals were being checked through. An hour's stop for everyone insures a fresh start corresponding to the exact time of arrival.

We nap for 45 minutes on the boat between the two main Danish islands. Our two alarm clocks—we take no chances—go off and we are on our way to Hamburg, the next control point. Our pace is slower now. Denmark has a speed limit of 60 kilometers (about 37 miles) an hour, and we are compelled by the rules to respect it.

We clear the German border [*Continued on page* 58]

The winning automobile in 1952 was a fast-moving Allard, piloted to victory by its world-famous designer, Sidney Allard. Warburton was his driving partner in the classic.

One of the many who didn't make it was the team of Banks and Johnson. Bad weather and icy roads take a tremendous toll, as this head-on collision near Rheims testifies.

A Good Judge of

When four guys are after one thing, and one guy plays God with their ambitions, watch out!

By John D. MacDonald

Illustrated by Jim McArdle

McGarron, the sales manager, issued the invitation.

Four of us were being broken in at the home office before being sent to the regional offices of the Dillon Construction Equipment Company. There's a lot of money in moving dirt, and in selling the stuff that moves it. It's the cream of all sales jobs. They prefer civil engineers, but some of the old boys, like McGarron, started in before Dillon started to get particular.

McGarron said, "I've got this camp. It's in pretty rough country. We can go out and maybe get ourself a deer. I'll take care of the grub and the liquor and the guns and the transportation. You guys get licenses. We'll leave from here Friday afternoon."

It was as much an order as an invitation.

McGarron had made it pretty clear that he could turn the thumb down on any one of us, or the whole four, if he felt like it. I didn't think much of him from the minute I met him. A big-bellied citizen with a weather-red face and what his wife probably told him were twinkly little blue eyes. He was one of those people who keep sticking you with their thumb to emphasize a point, or knuckling you on the chest. But he knew equipment, and he had a 30-year card file in his head of everybody who'd bought anything from Dillon.

I wanted the sales job and I wanted it badly. I'd been seven years with Kimball and Stroud Construction, the last four as superintendent of road jobs in the field. I made the mistake of showing a real nice profit on a Georgia job, and that sort of turned me into their Georgia expert. It looked like I was going to be stuck down there for the rest of my life.

Peg and I had a little reserve to carry us until commissions started coming in, and I figured that after three years with Dillon I ought to be racking up $20,000 a year. But if McGarron decided that I parted my hair in the wrong place. I knew I could always go back with Kimball and Stroud.

So there was me, Ralph Buckler—and there was Jake Reigen, and Tom Durboldt and Allan Archer. The four hopefuls.

Jake Reigen was a tough, swarthy, bandy-legged little guy in his early forties. He had a wide white-toothed grin and a world of practical experience in the road-building game. I figured Jake as having too crazy a temper to ever make a salesman. If a prospect said no to Jake, Jake would want to clock him with a cement form.

Tom Durboldt was a quiet, big-shouldered blond who was a transfer from Dillon's Manufacturing Division. He was steady, likeable, but without experience in problems in the field.

For a long time I couldn't figure out Allan Archer, the fourth member of our little quartet. I've hired kids like him out in the field. You always hire them with misgivings. They either last a few [*Continued on page* 78]

There was no doubt as to who was the best shot—or the penalty he'd pay.

Sheer poetry of motion is exhibited by this high-flying trio of daredevil ski jumpers. Such perfection takes years of practice.

By Paul Gardner

Maybe you, too, have notions of soaring several hundred feet through space on skis, or flashing down a bobsled run at a wind-whistling 100 mph.

If so, don't.

Or at least, wait until your ability and experience get on a par with the pros. Even then, your insurance broker isn't likely to consider you a good risk.

For example, listen to this testimony about bobsledding from Stan Benham, Lake Placid expert, who holds all the records as driver of two-man and four-man bobs.

"At Garmisch in 1951," says Benham, "a Swedish bobsledder was killed. Two years before, five died at Chamonix, France, in a single day. At Cortina that same year, 17 were badly hurt. And in 1948, Belgian driver Max Houben was killed on our own Shady Curve."

Benham, a smiling, 38-year-old fatalist at heart, still keeps the helmet in his office which Houben wore when a mistake on a turn finished him.

The accidents incidental to competitive bobsledding haven't discouraged onlookers. In fact, more people visit the bob run after a mishap than before.

"Maybe that's the only way the sport can get publicity," remarks Benham grimly, "but any time mention of a smashup hits the papers, the crowds multiply."

Bobsledding is probably just as perilous as automobile racing. The lone difference is that a great number of automobile races are held in this country, whereas only one bobsled run is currently in action—the famous Mt. Van Hoevenberg mile at Lake Placid. Bobsledders compete for only a few months each season, while auto racing fanatics may risk their futures somewhere every month of the year.

In case you're interested in bobsledding as a career—and have first put all of your affairs in order—you should know that a two-man bob weighs about 350 pounds and a four-man bob nearly 500 pounds. You race against time and, on glazed ice, approximate 100 mph. One sled was clocked for a stretch at 119 mph. When a championship four takes off at Mt. Hoevenberg, the men grip the sled with designated holds and rock it back and forth. Once they get the rhythmic feel of it, the driver booms the signal to start; he leaps into his seat and, one by one, the chaps behind him plop into place.

The driver may use a steering wheel to guide the big sled; the late Houben and the late Reto Capadrut, who has his name on a tree where he crashed to death in Switzerland, used ropes. There's a brakeman in the rear who uses the brake to slow the sled—but only after the finish. Big men are preferable but, when the Germans flashed a few 300-pounders at the 1952 Olympics in Oslo, Norway, and the fourth lightest sled, that of the Americans, averaged 240 pounds per man, the international officials changed the rules.

Suicide in the Snow

When it comes to winter sports, better know your limitations. In bobsledding and ski jumping even the experts flirt with death

Soaring high through the sky over Sun Valley is Katy Rodolph, who was on the U.S. Olympic Team in 1952.

Downhill and slalom racing are especially fraught with peril, since skiers approach speeds well over 80 mph.

Peter Garrett literally leaves this world as he makes a difficult jump turn on a steep slope of Mt. Baker, Wash.

As if conventional skiing weren't dangerous enough, this expert does forward flips off a snow cornice for kicks.

"Now you can average only 220 pounds per man," points out Donna Fox, American Olympic official. "When you have too many big men riding, the pressure is so great—maybe 80 to 90 tons—that you wear out the ice on the turns and increase the danger for those who follow."

Bobsledding draws tens of thousands of the curious to Lake Placid. A surprising number of the bolder souls—those who are willing to sign waivers on their lives if they take a joyride—go in for the sport themselves. Accompanied by experienced drivers, people of all ages go down the run, and usually come away with their desire for speed thoroughly sated.

Generally starting from the half-mile mark, the novices are asked to bend their heads down to their knees so as not to be swept back by the sudden acceleration. Benham, as brakeman in the rear of a sled, was almost belted out by a big fellow who forgot to keep his head down. The base of his skull cracked Benham's jaw. A trained driver usually puts his legs around the joyrider to keep him from falling off of the sled if he faints on the way down.

Injuries have been plentiful in bobsledding, but what has been the upshot?

"They had me look up a spot in Aspen, Colorado, last season," says Benham, "and I believe that they're ready to put in a bob run there."

If all-around athlete Stan Benham is typical of the fanatical race of bobsledders, Art Devlin is symptomatic of American ski jumpers. When Devlin, now 29, first started, 25 per cent of the ski jumpers in this country were Americans and 75 per cent were foreign. Today, the percentages are reversed.

Devlin, like Benham, comes from Lake Placid. His one major object in life has been, for reasons best known to himself, to fly through the air with the greatest of ease—on skis—and beat the other fellow in the process.

Since he began national title ski jumping, Devlin has enjoyed many notable successes. The greatest was probably when he placed sixth in the 1949 world championships, behind five Scandinavians. This is like ranking among the first ten in tennis.

Devlin has broken both wrists, cracked a knee, and landed on his head on innumerable occasions. But ski jumpers learn to take such maiming right in stride. They practice the fine art of falling [*Continued on page 75*]

The element of risk is greatly increased when skiers, seeking new thrills, jump in the dark.

Major Reasons Why People Borrow Money

1. TO PAY OFF OTHER DEBTS

2. TO PAY MEDICAL BILLS

3. TO BUY FURNITURE AND CLOTHING

4. TO REPAIR HOMES

5. TO PAY FOR NEW BABIES

6. TO GO ON VACATION

7. TO PURCHASE NEW CARS

8. TO PAY FOR CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

How Much It Costs To Borrow $100

BORROWED FROM	STATED RATE OF INTEREST	TRUE YEARLY INTEREST RATE	APPROX. YEARLY COST
CREDIT UNION	½%–1% MONTHLY	6%–12%	$3–$6
REGULAR BANK	3½%–6% YEARLY	7%–12%	$3.50–$6
INDUSTRIAL BANK	4%–7% YEARLY	8%–14%	$4–$7
SMALL-LOAN CO.	2%–3% MONTHLY	24%–36%	$12–$18
ILLEGAL USURERS	$5–$10 MONTHLY	120%–240%	$60–$120

Chart by GRAPHICS INSTITUTE, N. Y.

If you need money...

don't grab the first credit offer you get. Shop around and save as much as $15 on each $100 you borrow

By Sidney Margolius

Want two hundred dollars for the doctor, five hundred for furniture, two thousand to buy a car, or perhaps just eating money until payday?

If you're like most of us, you know what it's like to need money in a hurry or to buy on the installment plan. But do you know how to shop for credit—how to raise cash for emergencies? If you do, then you already know how to save while you borrow. But if you don't, you may find yourself paying exorbitant—though still legal—rates.

Even at such rates ranging from 6 to 42 per cent, the average man's debts force him to pay out in interest from $40 to $250 a year. The trouble is that too many people impulsively plunge into economic quicksand the moment they decide to avail themselves of credit.

Because this situation touches so many lives, CAVALIER has worked out a reader's guide to borrowing and credit buying which, we feel, can save you much misery and even more cash:

1. **Know what interest you pay.**
2. **Shop for the lowest rate.**
3. **Borrow the least you need, not the most they'll give.**
4. **Avoid small, but expensive, debts.**
5. **Probe for the traps in installment buying contracts.**

Never before in history has securing a loan been made so easy. Almost any man with a job and a tidy credit record can borrow. Banks, loan companies, credit unions, retailers (and perhaps one of your co-workers with an eye for a fast buck) are all ready to lend-lease you cash or goods. Often you won't even need a co-signer. Today your own signature has new power. You can borrow by mail, without having to look the lender in the eye. Even Sears Roebuck now lends money for cars.

But the most significant development is that regular banks, which in the past dealt only with well-heeled firms and individuals, now make small loans which a fellow can pay back monthly.

It's getting hard not to borrow. Some installment houses, which rake in fortunes on interest payments, grow noticeably frigid if you say you'll pay cash.

Result: more people owe more money than ever before. Here's how you can keep from getting gypped:

1. KNOW WHAT INTEREST YOU PAY

Panic, in the face of financial emergency, can be a high-priced emotion. One bank president told CAVALIER: "When they're in trouble, even the most rate-conscious borrowers will pay any fee without questioning it."

But even without panic to muddle things up, comparing credit charges can be devilishly confusing because different lenders state their fees in different ways. To know who lends for least, you need to translate the various stated rates into the simple yardstick of "true yearly rate."

Some lenders charge a percentage on the declining balance of your debt. Thus, when loan companies advertise 2 to 3 per cent a month on this balance, the true yearly rate is 24 to 36 per cent. When an installment or finance company says 1 per cent a month, the true rate is 12 per cent a year.

You need simply to remember that when the credit fee is stated as a percentage of the declining balance, you multiply the monthly rate by 12 to know the true yearly rate.

On the other hand, when a bank or finance company says the charge is a "discount rate" of 3½ to 6 per cent a year on a loan which you repay monthly, the true annual rate is approximately double. The bank makes that charge on the whole loan, not just the remaining balance. But you pay back part of the loan each month.

For example, a bank may advertise a "six per cent discount rate" and charge you an actual $6 for each $100 you borrow—to be repaid in 12 monthly installments. Because you reduce your loan month by month, you do not owe the bank a full $100 for the entire year but, rather, an average of $50. Since you are paying a $6 fee for the average of $50 and not the entire amount, the true rate of interest charged you is 12 per cent.

One fellow bought a $360 television set, paid $60 down, and agreed to pay $25 a month on the balance.

The salesman smoothly recited his spiel: "The credit charge is one per cent a month, that's 12 per cent a year, or $36 on your balance of $300."

It wasn't until several days later that the spellbound buyer realized that the credit fee should have been $18.

The trick is to remember that when the interest rate is figured on the full amount of the debt—and you repay monthly—the true yearly rate is twice as much as the stated rate.

2. SHOP FOR THE LOWEST RATE

Here's a handy guide to different places you might go to get an installment credit loan:

Credit unions charge a maximum of 1 per cent a month on the declining balance, and the more successful ones charge as little as one-half of 1 per cent—true rates of 6 to 12 per cent a year. If you borrowed $100 from a credit union, to be repaid in installments, your interest cost would be $3 to $6 a year.

Regular banks charge a "discount" rate of 3½ to 6 per cent a year, depending on your [*Continued on page* 66]

the case of The Model's Fee

Combine a girl out to get her due, a mother born for trouble, add a man with a strange yen, and you've got a recipe for homicide

by Alan Hynd

Illustrated by Bud Parke

The Gedeon household was the kind of place where something drastic, sooner or later, was bound to happen.

The Gedeons were a family of four—father, mother and two pretty, grown daughters. They lived in various apartments on New York's upper East Side, in districts where one block marked the difference between swank and slum. The family, somehow, usually located in a building that was under suspicion of the fire department, if not the board of health, but which bore a street number that sounded very flossy.

Joseph Gedeon, head of the household, was a small and thin Hungarian. Fiftyish, he didn't weigh more than 125 pounds, even if full of beer. He had a large shock of graying hair and a thin, guileless-looking face. He wore pince-nez glasses and white piping on his vests. For a man who looked so utterly inoffensive, he had a surprisingly sharp tongue. He ran a little upholstery shop on 34th Street, near Third Avenue, and was a great hand at turning out a really tasty job in tufted velvet. At night, Gedeon devoted bimself to skee ball and a few mugs of Pilsner-type beer in a Third Avenue saloon called Corrigan's Bar and Grill.

Gedeon's wife, Mary, a woman who had been a gorgeous Magyar beauty in her youth, and who, in her forties, was still a comely person, had an affinity for trouble. If the corner grocery store had one bad egg in a case, Mrs. Gedeon was sure to get it.

The daughters—Ethel and Veronica—were as different as the poles. Ethel, a couple of years older than Veronica, was a placid brunette with impeccable morals. Veronica,

"The Model's Fee" is a Cavalier bonus reprint condensed from the story, "The Case of The Easter Murders." Copyright 1948, Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Irwin's eyes popped. "Oh, boy!" he said, "wait till I get some clay!"

BOB PARKE

on the other hand, was a blonde with a low boiling point. Ethel went to business and was engaged to a serious young man. Veronica, who preferred to be called Ronnie, was an artists' model. At the age of 16 she had married a fellow named Bobby Flower, a hot-dog concessionaire. Life among the frankfurters proved not very exhilarating, and Ronnie obtained an annulment.

Turning 18, Ronnie was beautiful, voluptuous and exciting. She wanted to be a movie star. She wasn't too intelligent, but she was advanced for her years. One day she met a prominent city official in a Greenwich Village attic with north light. The man, hearing of her Hollywood ambitions, led her to the erroneous impression that he and Cecil B. DeMille wore each other's socks, and proceeded to other matters.

A few weeks later, upon receipt of an unpleasant lunar surprise, Ronnie confided in her mother.

"Who is the man?" asked Mrs. Gedeon.

Ronnie identified the city father.

Mrs. Gedeon was delighted. "Now," she said, "you can be somebody. We'll make him marry you."

The politician was already married. A divorce wouldn't have helped his career. Besides, his wife wouldn't give him one. So Ronnie underwent an operation.

Papa Gedeon, getting second-hand wind of Ronnie's predicament, inquired of his daughter, "Sometime, just for a change, why don't you try having fun with your clothes on?" Ronnie threw a humidor at Papa. The mother sided with her and home life for Gedeon wasn't the same after that.

The Gedeons took in male roomers to make ends meet—one or two at a time. Mrs. Gedeon's affinity for trouble was never better reflected than in the type of people who appeared in response to her newspaper ads. Something was wrong with most of them. Ranging from actors, through blind piano tuners to short-order cooks in lunch wagons, the boys were apt to be either deadbeats, eccentrics, drunks or wolves. Mama Gedeon dwelled in a state of almost constant flutter.

One night in 1935, Mama, the eternal optimist, told her daughters, "Girls, we have the most *charming* gentleman coming to take the back room tomorrow."

"Young or old?" asked Ronnie.

"Young, and very handsome," Mama replied.

The subject of the conversation was Robert Irwin, a sculptor. Irwin—dark, earnest and good-looking—had a deceptively normal appearance. He looked like one of those fellows in the clothing ads, peering determinedly into a glorious future with an empty pipe clenched in his teeth.

Irwin hadn't been around long until the girls knew that Mama had let in another creep. Irwin couldn't decide whether to continue with art or drop it and become a minister.

Irwin was one man who remained unstirred by Ronnie. Ronnie didn't care about him particularly, but her pride was hurt. And she was just female enough to do something about it. One day she contrived to be alone in the flat with Irwin. He was in his room, she in hers. She called to him. When he walked into her room she was sitting on the bed—naked.

Irwin's eyes popped. "Oh, boy!" he said, "wait till I get some clay!"

Ronnie went around telling people that Bob Irwin was a homo. That, of course, wasn't true. What Ronnie didn't know at the time was that Irwin was carrying a terrific torch for Ethel. Irwin confessed to Mrs. Gedeon that since he couldn't have Ethel he didn't want anybody. "Poor boy," said Mrs. Gedeon.

Irwin tried to perform a self-emasculation on himself and was sent to an asylum. "Poor, *poor* boy," said Mrs. Gedeon.

By the spring of 1937, Ethel had married and left home. Papa Gedeon, too, had removed himself from the family fireside. After repeated quarrels with Ronnie about her wildness, and with Mama Gedeon because she always took Ronnie's part, Gedeon had moved into a cubbyhole sort of room in the rear of his upholstery shop.

Ronnie and her mother took a fourth-floor walk-up flat on East 50th Street. They had two roomers, a young girl model and an Englishman named Frank Byrnes—an attendant at the exclusive Racquet and Tennis Club who somehow gave the impression of having stayed too long in a steam room.

Saturday night, March 27th, was the night before Easter. The model who roomed with the Gedeons was out of town for the holidays, and lucky for her. Byrnes, the Englishman, returned to his room in the Gedeon flat about 9 o'clock, pooped from a hard day among the swells at the Racquet and Tennis Club, and went directly to bed. Mrs. Gedeon was alone in the place with Byrnes. Ronnie was out on the town with a fellow named Butter—Stephen Butter, Jr., a Wall Street runner. Mrs. Gedeon got undressed and sat around in her night clothes, reading a magazine.

A gentleman by the name of Cosmon Cambinias, who was in residence in the second-floor rear of the building where the Gedeon apartment was located, heard a woman's scream almost on the stroke of 11 p.m. Cambinias had become something of a connoisseur of screams, the tenants in the building being what they were. The scream he heard was definitely not associated with anything amatory or alcoholic. It was born of sheer terror. It was short, as if stopped by a hand clapped over a mouth. Cambinias marked it down to a routine incident between an incompatible husband and wife, shrugged, and went to the icebox for a bottle of beer.

At about 3 o'clock on Easter afternoon, the former Ethel Gedeon and her husband, in from the suburbs, approached the East 50th Street apartment building and were surprised to see Papa Gedeon lounging out front, holding a huge bouquet of roses.

"What are you standing here with those flowers for, Father?" asked Ethel, smelling the old man's breath.

"I thought since it was Easter," said Gedeon, "I'd try to make up with Mama."

"Well, you'll never do it standing down here."

"I was there but nobody answers the bell. I thought I would wait around until Mama or Ronnie or one of the roomers showed up."

"Mama's *got* to be home," said Ethel. "She invited us to dinner at three. Chicken paprikash."

"Maybe she was in the bathroom or something," said Gedeon, "and didn't hear the bell. I'll go up and try again."

Ethel and her husband waited on the sidewalk. In a few minutes, Gedeon came out the door much differently—and faster—than he had gone in.

"They're dead!" he said. "Ronnie and that fellow Byrnes!"

"Where's Mama?" asked Ethel.

Gedeon shook his head in agitation. "Over telling the police, I guess."

Mrs. Gedeon wasn't over telling the police anything. She was upstairs under a bed, murdered.

Byrnes, the boarder, had been neatly dispatched in his sleep. The murder-master had inserted a sharp instrument—an ice pick or something similar—into the canal of his right ear, thence into his brain. Ronnie and her mother had been strangled—strangled by somebody's bare hands. Ronnie was completely nude, lying on a bed. Her mother had been stuffed under the bed. That, Gedeon explained, was why he hadn't seen her when he discovered the other bodies.

One of the dicks—Tom Tunney, a brother of Gene—asked Gedeon how it was that he had not been able to get into the apartment the first time, yet had obtained admittance the second try. "The door [*Continued on page* 62]

It's rarely possible to tire an ape sufficiently for this kind of handling; usually, they're shunted right from trap to cage.

Toughest Beast to Catch

I was certain I'd planned the perfect hunt, until the murder-minded gorillas started ripping the natives apart

By Phillip J. Carroll

My body tensed like a braced bow, and my breathing was almost arrested by suppressed excitement and anxiety. The supreme moment of the hunt was at hand. In front of me and the party of African natives, a troop of 25 nervous, alert gorillas made its way through the tangle of jungle vines and lush growth. Ahead of the fleeing troop, at the ends of partially cleared paths backed up by stout nets of filet mesh strung across their line of flight, waited the deep, camouflaged pits.

How many—if any—of the alarmed gorillas would follow the treacherously inviting paths to the pits and fall in before they could recover? How many would avoid the pits the first time, be turned back by the nets, and in their rage and excitement tumble down after all to join their previously captured comrades? Would it be possible to control the natives—or would they leap among the beasts to kill and be killed, as often happened? What havoc would the enraged gorillas wreak on each other—eyes gouged out, fingers and toes bitten off, legs and arms broken?

I could tell when the troop reached the pits. There was a turmoil of crashing branches and enraged screams, and the jungle ahead of us seemed to erupt in frantic motion. All that I expected.

But now there was something more; something I didn't expect; *something* that sent a chill through me and made me snatch one of the big-game rifles from a nearby bearer. For, mingled with the angry, frustrated roars of the mighty apes, I heard the despairing shrieks of half a hundred natives. As I stood rooted to the spot for a single incredulous instant of indecision, I saw natives—*my own men*—flung through the air, their limbs crushed, their blood spurting from terrible wounds left by the fangs of the berserk anthropoids.

It had never happened before, but I didn't waste any

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Six foot, 200 pound, heavy-jowled Phil Carroll is the undisputed top bring-'em-back-alive gorilla hunter of the world. His career as an African hunter extends over more than 20 years, and he has attained the incredible total of 46 huge gorillas captured alive and brought out to civilization in condition to survive. His animals can be seen in most of the major cities of America: two are in the Bronx Zoo, and two more in the Central Park Zoo. The zoos at St. Louis, San Diego, Cincinnati and Colorado Springs, to mention a few, account for eight more of Phil's catches.

Native women hack a three-mile, horseshoe-shaped swath out of the jungle to guide the gorillas toward the pits.

Young gorilla is lashed to a pole for transport. When an ape weighs over 150 pounds, he's too dangerous to handle.

With gorillas crated in stout cages, safari starts the tortuous trek back to civilization. It's a record catch!

time speculating on why it was happening now. I went to work with the rifles, surrounded by spear-brandishing natives and mad, screaming gorillas, trying to save what human life I could. There would be plenty of time later to inquire into what had gone wrong. . . .

To understand why I found myself in such a frightening predicament deep in the African jungle, it's necessary to establish two values firmly in mind: First, the gorilla probably is the fiercest, most powerful, most intractable wild creature left for man to subdue. For size, gorillas come up to 800 pounds; stand six feet tall; have fingers as big around as Coca-Cola bottles; and forearms as big around as a woman's waist. The strength of a gorilla has never been measured.

If you're going to capture a gorilla alive, pick one under 150 pounds. Five men are just about all that can hang on to a gorilla, and one 150-pound gorilla can give five men a busy afternoon, believe me! Gorillas bigger than that will toss the men around like paper dolls.

The second basic fact is that I developed my own particular technique for capturing gorillas alive while eliminating needless slaughter. It has an interesting background. For years I roamed Africa—Tanganyika Territory, North and South Rhodesia, French and Portuguese Guinea. Elephants and lions, buffalo and antelope contributed fleeting excitement and useful experience.

One morning, I found the knuckle prints of a gorilla in the dust near our bush camp, and immediately started rounding up the natives for the hunt. But the natives, avid hunters of almost any sort of game, were just not interested in tangling with gorillas.

"Why not?" I demanded. "Haven't I paid the Chief a franc a head for you boys? Isn't that the going rate around here? What is this—mutiny?"

A wizened old African spoke up: "Massa, goree, him too big: him too strong: him kill boy!"

And that was that: they simply wouldn't move. Nor should anyone get the mistaken notion that the African is a coward on the hunt. He may be unpredictable—and often is—but he's got guts.

For example, most of the white missions in the African interior have native hunters on their staffs, whose job it is to supply meat for the mission establishment. The mission supplies the hunter with ammunition, but in most cases his gun will be an antiquated muzzle loader of large caliber and questionable reliability.

Where the white man with his high-powered rifle and telescopic sight shoots from two or three *hundred* yards distance, the native mission hunter often literally crawls up on top of his quarry and shoots from *two* or *three* yards. He has to account for his ammunition; he can't afford to miss lest his reputation as a hunter suffer and his share of meat he endangered; so, regardless of the ferocity of the game, he simply goes up as close as he can before blasting away. The fact, then, that my natives considered the gorilla too tough to hunt speaks eloquently for the mammoth ape's destructive capabilities.

Investigating further, I discovered that capturing gorillas alive was a hit or miss business with high hazards. It reduced itself almost to the proposition of finding a gorilla troop or family with babies; shooting the adults in cold blood; and hoping the young would survive and could be captured. The business almost always featured a melee in which some of the natives were either shot by accident or killed by enraged gorillas; I heard of a hunter who once killed 163 adult gorillas to capture nine young, none of which survived more than a few days.

I decided to work out a plan which would introduce some efficiency into the business of capturing gorillas alive. I have never been able to remove the hazards of the hunt —the natives who accompany me today are still terrified, and they often get out of hand. But I have eliminated wanton slaughter from the business. [*Continued on page* 64]

Carroll considers himself lucky when he's able to capture his apes as babies, while they're still young enough to be manageable.

BOLD HATS,

There's a passion for fashion beneath the tough exterior of the strong and silent he-man out West.

Fashion for him means getting his personality into the headgear he owns. Unlike the man in the city who pays good money at the best shops so he won't look different from his neighbor, the cowboy enjoys being distinctive. You can always tell him by his hat—where he hails from, what he's like. It's his calling card.

A cowboy in the grip of millinery madness doesn't give a damn about money. The best is not good enough, which is why he usually spends from $15 to $75 on a hat. Some fancy Dans have been known to fork out as much as $250.

When you buy a new hat, probably

A cowboy's hat is like a calling card. His personality is written all over it.

The turned-up brim gives cowboy a streamlined new look.

Flat-top southwestern style reflects early Spanish influence.

High style calls for triple-creased top, dented front, rear.

1. The first thing a cowboy does after buying a new hat is to dunk it like a doughnut into the nearest water trough.

2. After hat has been soaked, the hand-molding of the crown begins. This particular styling is a southwest favorite.

BOLD MEN

the first thing you do, after a casual shaping, is to show it off. Not the cowboy. He dunks it in the nearest water trough —the first act in a skillful process to make it one of a kind.

After it has been thoroughly soaked, the hat is dented, creased, re-dented and creased over again until the crown shapes up just right. Then the brim gets a workout. With infinite pains the cowboy labors to give the brim his own unique slant, after which he puts his belt around it so the "modeling" won't be lost. When this is done, the hat is hung on the corral fence to dry in the sun. Ten hours of such treatment leaves the hat with a "permanent." As personal now as a Paris creation—it's ready to be worn. •

High crown identifies this man as a northwesterner. Trench crease is his own idea.

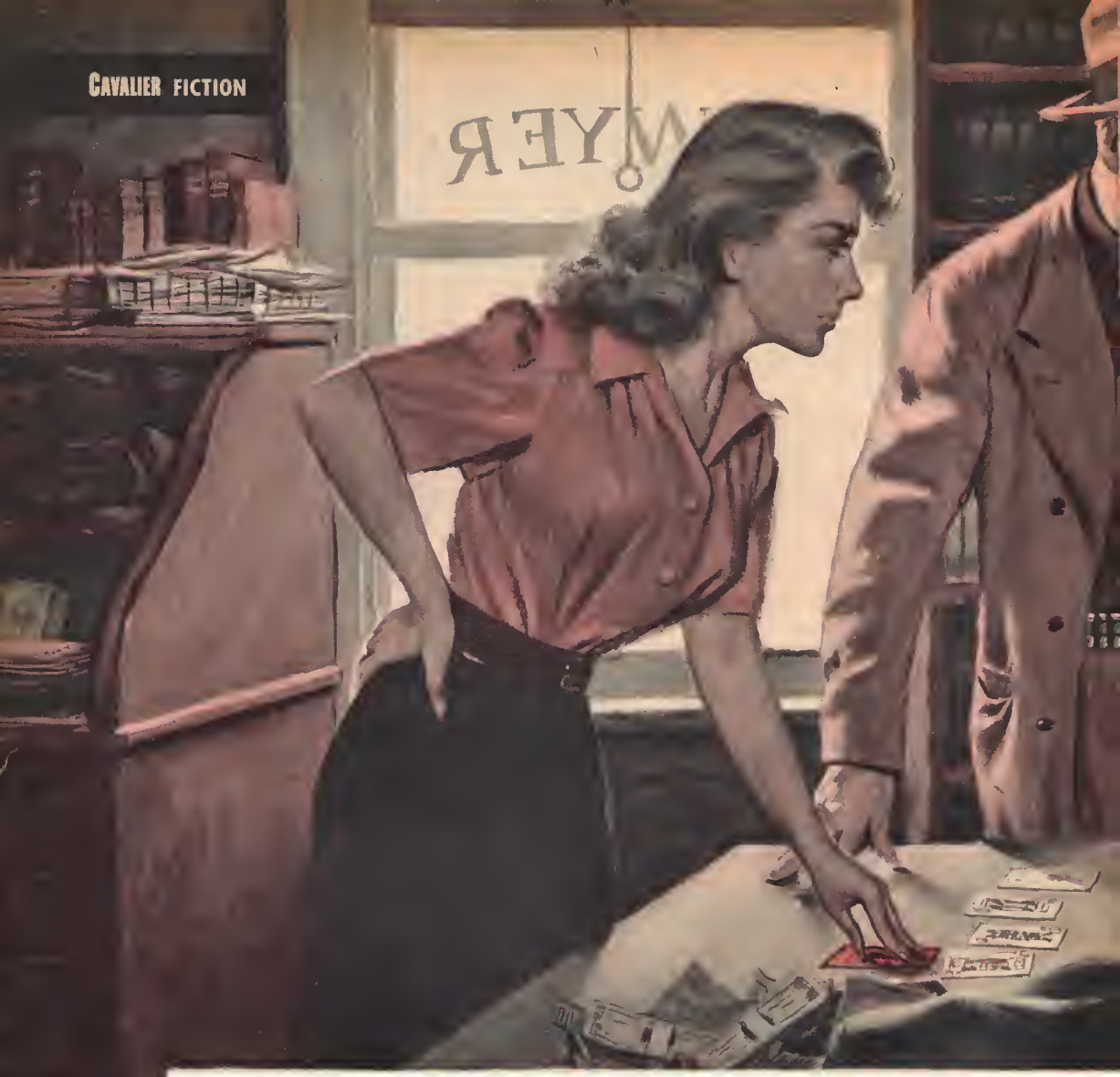
Cowboy hats serve as drinking buckets for wearer and his horse.

Cowgirls are hat crazy, too; go in for Spanish-type headgear.

Kerchief around hat will keep this man warm on wintry days.

3. The shaping of the brim depends on where a cowboy hails from. Brim sizes vary in width from 2¾ to 4 inches.

4. For ten hours the hat is hung on the corral fence to dry. Belt prevents both brim and crown from losing their shape.



The Fifth Card

By Hoke Norris

Illustrated by Harry Barton

The lid was off and everything the two old fools possessed landed in the pot—with the whole town going crazy laying side bets

I can see my father now, dealing smooth and deliberate, with the cards floating across the table, turning in the air and landing in neat little piles. I can see the players, in overalls and old jackets that smelled of fish and sea spray, picking the cards up and looking at them, still-faced and slow, and then betting, stacking their cards in front of them and settling back in accepted fashion, with their hands crossed over their stomachs. Nothing unusual, yet—everybody just hoping for the best.

And the room, too, I can see—a rickety old table with an old army blanket on it, and in one corner a broken-down thing that Jack Marvin, the owner of the fish house, called his desk. In another corner stood a black, big-bellied stove, and in one wall were the tiny, dingy panes of a window, where I could see the marsh grass in the swamp beyond the bay, and now and then a sea gull flying by.

And me, I was standing watch there by the door. They called me Little Jed, though I was already a head taller than my father, Big Jed. I was always there when my old man came over from his fish house for the game. I was supposed to look out for Chief Johnson. But being a mighty thoughtful man, he would always come in walking hard and loud on the wide, loose old boards, just about the time the fish boats bumped against Piketown's docks and the game had to end, anyway.

And then one day this hand was dealt, and it was John O'Hare, a pensioned Coast Guardsman, that

started the betting with a couple of white chips. Frank Allen, the cashier at the bank, called the two dollars. He and John arranged their cards with the edges smooth and flush before them and settled back in their canebottom chairs. Jack Marvin folded his cards together and put them down *before* he bet.

"Cost me two to call, huh?" he said, shoving out two white chips. "And six to raise, huh?" The others nodded, and he shoved out a blue and another white. Then he settled back.

Al Day, who owned the drugstore on the square, pulled at his lower lip, squinted at his cards and said, "Cost me eight, huh?" The others nodded again, and he shoved out a blue, a red and a white.

Big Jed, his fingers locked over his belly, looked up at the low, dark ceiling, then at the pile of red, white and blue chips on the blanket. "Way I figure it," he said, "cost me eight to call. That'd make the pot twenty-eight, and I can raise twenty-eight." The others nodded once more, watching him. "Eight it is," he said, "*and* twenty-eight."

John O'Hare figured it'd cost him thirty-four dollars to call. He frowned about it, but shoved out the chips. Frank Allen shook his head, threw his cards to the middle of the table and said, "Guess I'm just a ribbon clerk."

Jack Marvin figured it'd cost him twenty-eight to call, riffled his chips for a minute with his fingers, and called, dropping the chips in one at a time.

Al Day tossed his cards in like Frank had done. "I figure there's a hundred and eighteen bucks in that pot," he said.

If Chief Johnson had shown up then, he could have just taken them in. I know I wouldn't have heard him. They'd never played like *this* before. I remembered the old family feud that had been more than just business competition between us Caspers and the Marvins. Way back somewhere our families had got mad with each other. We weren't exactly sure about what, but every once in a while it flared up again in the stubborn old cusses. And I remembered Alice Marvin, old Jack Marvin's daughter, the girl I had a sort of understanding with—something that everybody said might finally bring the two families together. And I thought about mother, too, and the sick headaches she had now and then, and guessed she'd have another one before the sun went down.

Well, it was time for the draw, with John O'Hare, Jack Marvin and Big Jed still in there fighting. "Gimme two," John said. Big Jed laughed, "Saving a kicker, eh?" He tossed him two cards, one on top of the other. Big Jed stopped laughing and looked at Jack Marvin without speaking. "Gimme the lid," Jack said. My old man tossed one card across the table and said, "Dealer takes one." Neither of them looked at their new cards. They just shifted them so the new ones were on the bottom.

"Without a stoop, squat or squint, I pass," John O'Hare said. "It's up to you guys with all the power."

Jack didn't squeeze the cards like he did sometimes, stretching out the time of waiting to see whether he'd helped his hand or not. He just looked quick and then put the cards down. "How much you got there, Big Jed?" he asked, pulling his old turkey neck out of the collar of his blue shirt, making a show of inspecting my old man's stack of chips.

"Plenty," said Big Jed, with a sort of sharp edge in his voice, "and plenty more where that come from."

"Well," Jack mused, "all I can do is back my hand. It's a hundred and eighteen."

John O'Hare groaned, watching Jack shovel all those chips in, but Big Jed just sat there like he had a mask on. Then he inspected Jack's pile and said, "You ain't got but seven left, and it ain't hardly worth a raise, but that's what I got to do. A hundred and eighteen—and seven." That left him with one blue chip in front of him—just five dollars.

John slammed his hand down and said, "Too rich for my blood. I got two pair, too—caught my damn kicker."

Al Day and Frank Allen laughed. "John, you ought to protect your investment," Frank said.

"A banker would think of that," John said sourly.

Jack Marvin and Big Jed didn't seem to hear a word they'd spoken. Jack looked at the pot, up at my old man, and then back at the pot. He said, "Cost me seven, huh?" The others nodded. "Well, Big Jed, it's just betwix us now, and I got a proposition."

"Name it."

"Let's take the lid off."

"How can we?" Big Jed asked. "I got nothing but a blue, and if you call me you won't have nothing left a-tall."

"Just betwix us, let's drop this table stakes and pot limit business."

"Pretty sure of yourself, ain't you?" my old man said.

Jack got red and twisted a little in his chair. "And you ain't sure of yourself, I reckon?"

Big Jed started getting red, too, and he squinted his eyes and frowned. "I never let on I wasn't," he said, beginning to talk loud.

"All right, then, why don't you want to take the lid off?"

"Never said I didn't want to."

"Well," Jack said, hitting the table with his palm and leaning forward, "what're we arguin' about? Is the lid off or ain't it?"

"It's off!" Big Jed shouted, banging the table so hard the chips rattled.

"Okay, okay," Jack said, whipping out a checkbook and fountain pen. "I just want a clear understanding, that's all." He scribbled for a minute and threw a check on the chips and shoved out his blue and red. Frank Allen leaned over the check and whistled.

"Well, ain't you going to announce your bet?" Big Jed asked.

Jack leaned over the table at him, his chin almost touching the blanket, and announced, "Seven to call—five to raise. Five *thousand*, that is."

I had to sit down. I pulled an empty fish box over by the door and sat, looking at my old man.

"That the best you can do?" he sneered. And he whipped out his checkbook and scribbled and flung the little piece of paper on the pile. "Your five, *and* five." He settled back and crossed his arms, with his double chin resting on his old leather jacket.

All of us others—we just sat and stared, looking back and forth, like people at a tennis game. It was Jack's move now. He looked at his check stubs and put the book back in his pocket. "How much for this fish house we're sitting in?" he asked. "The business, the good will, equipment, everything?"

"Ten thousand," said Big Jed.

"That'd call you, and raise you five, huh?"

They all nodded.

Jack went over to his desk and came back with a tablet of paper. He wrote fast across a sheet, signed it and threw it on the chips. "Well, there she is," he said. "Your five, *and* five."

"And how much for *my* place?" Big Jed asked. Their voices were almost cracking, and their big red hands were shaking.

"The same as for mine," Jack said.

"Gimme that paper," Big Jed demanded. And he wrote, signed, threw the sheet on top of Jack's and announced, "Your five, *and* five."

"Uh-huh. Well, my shad boat and home place—ten thousand?"

Big Jed nodded, and Jack went through the motions again and repeated those terrible words, "Your five, *and* five."

"I got a boat and a home, too, you know," my old man said.

"Uh-huh. The same."

And so my old man wrote on a piece of paper again, and I thought of Mom and her sick headaches, and Alice and her blue eyes and blonde hair, and wondered if she'd be glad to see me now, or ever again, and with a sick feeling I knew the old feuding had started all over again.

"That raises me five, don't it?" Jack asked.

"You get the idea perfect. Calling?"

"You damn right I'm calling."

"With what?"

"Listen to me, Big Jed Casper, you know good as I do, you give me time, I'll call you. Hell, I'll *raise* you."

"Raise me?" my old man said, laughing and twisting in his seat. "With what, you ragged beggar, you?"

"Ragged beggar, am I? I'll get the money, you give me time."

Big Jed looked at the others. They watched him, not even blinking their eyes, waiting. He nodded, and the two old fools looked at each other with eyes cold and mean.

So the players wrapped the two hands in separate packages, sealed them and wrote their names across the seams, and burned the rest of the deck in the stove. From the fish house we all went across the square to the bank, where Frank Allen cashed the checks. They figured the pot came to $55,368. All this they put in one safety deposit box, and the hands separate in two other boxes, and Frank kept the keys. Jack and Big Jed stayed as far apart as they could; they just grunted when they had to agree to some of the arrangements. And all the time I was remembering Alice and being frightened. . . .

The fish boats came in. We packed the catch in ice and put it on the trucks, quiet and, I reckon, really stunned and groggy, not yet believing what had happened. By the time I walked out on the square again, people had gathered together in little bunches here and there, talking and whistling low among themselves.

John O'Hare, his old Coast Guard cap pushed back on his bald head, was at the center of one group with a book open in his hands. "According to Hoyle," I heard him saying, tapping his book, "the odds against a royal flush, ace high—the best hand in poker—is 649,739 to 1. Multiply that by two and you get—let's see, 1,299,478 to 1 against two royal flushes in the same deal."

I walked away from the voices. I felt like I just had to see Alice, and after some wandering and debating, I knocked at the Marvin door. Alice showed up almost immediately, and she backed me out on the porch with a finger across her lips. From somewhere in the house, I heard a deep, angry mumble, and then the sharp voice of a woman.

Alice shook her head and whispered, "Jed, you shouldn't have come here now."

"But we're marrying each other, not our fathers," I said.

"Just be patient, Jed. It'll blow over. But right now—well, he told me not to let you come here."

"But Alice, this don't make sense. Just because your old man got stubborn and onery, I shouldn't come here?"

"Because *my* father got stubborn and onery! And don't call him old man!"

"Yes, he did get stubborn. It wouldn't have happened if he hadn't give him the growl."

"Little Jed Casper, you just shut right up, talking about my father that way."

"Now listen here, Alice Marvin. I reckon we Caspers don't have to get told to shut up."

"You don't have to do anything. Most of all you don't have to come to this house!"

There was a lot more of that kind of talk, back and forth. Suddenly Alice wheeled around and went in, slamming the door. I went home. Ma had her sick headache, and Big Jed sat in the parlor without a light on, mumbling to himself. The sight of him sitting there, alone in the darkness, fixed it for me, if it needed fixing. I was on his side.

We waited and worked. Big Jed drove his men like they'd never been driven before or since, and soon they got just as anxious as everybody else for the boss to be prepared if the bet was raised again. We heard that the same thing was going on down at the other corner of the square, where Jack Marvin's wharves stuck out into the bay.

Two weeks after the hands disappeared into those little boxes at the bank, Jack showed up with $10,000. Part of it he'd made in one of the biggest shad runs we'd ever seen, and part of it he'd raised by selling some timber land up in the north end of the county. There was $64,368 in the pot now, and Big Jed had been raised $5,000.

"He could-a just called me," he grumbled at home, not too loud, because Ma had another sick headache. But downtown he said, "If that old

[*Continued on page 74*]

Hackles aflutter, two gamecocks square off and spar for an opening as battle begins. It's a practice bout, without gaffs.

BRED FOR FURY

Illegal or not, when bloodthirsty gamecocks tangle in their fight to the finish, millions watch in breathless fascination

by Ted Rockwell

If you think that cockfighting is a sport practiced mainly in exotic jungle villages, we will bet you even money that there are more cockpits in this country (active, attended by hundreds every few weeks) than there are ball parks and stadia combined. And if you think that the sport is confined to hillside barnyards, we will throw in an additional wager that there are more pits within Chicago's city limits than there are, say, police stations or art galleries. And more in greater Manhattan than in Mexico City, Havana, or maybe both.

The actual proof would be difficult, as cocking is illegal in nearly every state. This illegality is based on two counts: gambling and cruelty, and encompasses raising, owning or selling game birds, operating or attending a pit, and, in general, anything that tends to "encourage or foster the practice." Every now and then a raid is publicized, several prominent citizens are jailed, and that's about all the general public ever hears of the sport. The normal assumption is, of course, that it is somewhere between vivisection and pulling the wings off flies, and is indulged in by a few queers who are duly apprehended by the law's long limb. Many put it in a class with bullfighting. Some liken it to the pit-dog meetings.

The fastest way to dispel this misconception is to look through any of the many national magazines devoted to the sport. They are faintly heraldic in character, with names such as "Grit & Steel," "Knights of the Pit," and "The Feathered Warrior," and are published in scattered locations which represent most of the country. With few exceptions they are over a generation old, and carry letters from superstitious-Canadian farmers, rich Hawaiian planters, Mexican sportsmen, GIs on every continent, and every type of man and woman in this country.

There might be an article reporting a main (a challenge match between two owners, each pitting a few of his best birds) which reads like the late Helen Hokinson's women's club reports, telling of all the socially prominent present, and there are idiom-ridden, gabby letters about another fight at some obscure mountain pit in Arkansas.

You will see ads for alkaloid and hormone-loaded foods for "conditioning" cocks for battle; articles deploring the downfall of breeding standards, quoting Chaucer, Pepys, and Themistocles; reports of little hack fights (single challenge matches) and four day international tournaments; editorials pleading for cockpit operators to obey city fire ordinances; pictures of men and their chickens, and accounts of the hundreds of fights that take place each week in some of the thousands of pits throughout the country. In the continent's largest cities, in rural communities from Long Island to Catalina, in barns and basements from Quebec to Cuernavaca, men and women from all walks of life write in to report on one of man's oldest sports.

Proud victor crows over his dead rival.

The men in this game are individualists of all extremes, but generally fall into three categories: gamblers, sportsmen, breeders. There are men who will bet on anything, and they are naturally drawn to chicken fighting, for it is possible to throw away more money with less effort in this game than in any other commonly indulged-in

"Bred for Fury" is a Cavalier bonus reprint, Copyright 1947, Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Feathers fly when cocks lock in mortal combat. Bird with shorn comb has the advantage, since he can seize his opponent by the crest, holding him long enough for a quick kill with his spurs.

On first onslaught, cocks tower in the air and collide with such ferocity that one or both are knocked sprawling.

pastime, with the possible exception of politics, and there it's not your shekels. Men have won (and lost) in the tens of thousands in a single tournament.

All you have to do is to take a few hundred dollars in your hot fist and stroll through the stands shouting "Eight hundred to five hundred." That's all. Somebody yells, "I'll take that," and it's official. The loser looks up the winner and pays off. If he is reluctant, he is generally found in a ditch.

The gambler doesn't care whether it's chickens or ducks that are fighting, as long as there is a taker. Every fight has a fellow who hangs around the drag pit where the long fights are finished off, and says periodically, "Fifty gets eighty, you pick your bird." You can take either side and still get odds. There's a diehard gambler!

The sportsman doesn't care who is pitting as long as the birds are good and the fight is clean. He is the same guy who will spend his one night in a strange town seeing a basketball game or a prize fight, not knowing or caring who is participating; just looking for a good contest. He can't remove a bird from his coop without billing him a few flurries against any nearby rooster. At the drop of a gaffing kit, he will spar a couple of birds just to demonstrate their gameness. Like the gambler, he will arrange a hack (the single challenge bout) at a moment's notice, regardless of the bird's condition, but, like the breeder, he will insist on an even match. He won't know half the time what the bird's real breeding is, but will argue at length on his invincibility.

The real old-timers, the genuine backbone of the sport, are the breeders. They are an extrapolation of the most orthodox of the breeders of horses, dogs and orchids, for the controlled, recorded ancestory of game fowl antedates that of thoroughbred horses and pedigreed dogs by hundreds of years. Long before the Arabs were developing their famous stallions, ages before the Vikings started crude selective breeding of hunting dogs, the ancient Greeks—and, before them, the Phoenicians—were pitting birds of recorded breeding. The purity of these strains is revealed by the fact that although some of the coloring is extremely varied and intricate, in purebred birds it is exactly identical from one rooster to the next.

Game fowl are pitted in basements, open fields and backyards, but most legitimate pits are quite similar. Outside one looks like a typical barn or smokehouse, and from a distance, except for the crowing which can be heard for hundreds of yards, that might be all it is. But as you get in close (no mean feat in most cases; they are usually pretty

far back in the bush) you will see a sign informing you that it is the Roaring Fork Game Club or some similar name, and will note that "YOUR CONDUCT HELPS THIS PLACE RUN. BE A GOOD SPORT BOYS," and "NO DRINKING ALLOWED OR PROFANE LANGUAGE WILL BE TOLERATED." You are also told that "ALL MEN MUST ABIDE BY THE RULES OF THE CLUB. NO CHILDREN ALLOWED. NO LADIES EXCEPT ON LADIES DAY" and "MEMBERSHIP DUES $3." You pay the latter to a motheaten old joker in a rustic box office and receive your "membership card," which may consist of a plain white tag or a scrap of colored cardboard. You present this at the door and can get it again if you leave before the derby is finished. This last is a friendly gesture, since a derby may last nearly continuously from Friday afternoon until early Sunday morning.

The arena itself is like a primitive operating room. In the center is the pit, generally round or polygonal, about 20 feet across, with built-up wooden sides about two feet high and often topped with spikes to discourage rail sitters. The pit floor is hard clay, smooth like a tennis court and sprinkled with a very light coating of fine sand. There are two lime-marked lines inside the pit, and the whole is lightly doused with water. Hanging low over the pit are banks of bright lights in green reflectors, which all but obstruct the view from the top bleacher seats and which silhouette the cigaret smoke, making the atmosphere look like something out of the half shell.

The rustic bleachers fade up into the smoke at about a 45 to 55-degree slope, adding to the operating room atmosphere. The entire construction is generally the nadir of inelegance. You can usually see the stars through the cracks in the roof, unless the rain is dripping in on you, and the stands, groaning under the weight of several hundred restless participants (you can't dismiss them as spectators) seem to be perpetually on the verge of collapse.

Naturally there are some very swanky pits (especially in Florida, where it is legal) in some city basements and backrooms, and some of the private estate exhibitions (there was once a yacht anchored off Chicago, and, if you stopped at the right spot on the breakwater and whistled into the fog, a rowboat would appear—but that's another story), but most rural establishments roughly follow this pattern.

In some pits you will see dead chickens under the stands, thrown there by irate losers. This is unusual. The general atmosphere is one of clean overalls, with an occasional gabardine suit and white Stetson combination. The floor is usually covered wtih enough sawdust to absorb the tobacco juice. The pit is kept raked, moist and smooth, and the curb is washed of the blood that occasionally splashes on it. Drunks and rowdies are conspicuous by their absence, and raised voices and profanity are amazingly infrequent, especially considering the stakes. Friendships are easily made, bets are paid off quietly.

Around the bleachers, or in separate buildings, are the cockhouses. A good pit tries to provide a separate stall for each entrant, consisting of 10 or 12 coops, which can house his entries, plus a few other birds he will try to hack, i.e., arrange a challenge match with another bird of similar weight. There is generally a bench, a table and room to inspect and show off the roosters to prospective bettors and challengers. Here, also, the birds are heeled, that is, the steel gaffs are applied just before the fight. Entrants will show up with chickens in cages strapped to a flivver, or shipped in by freight, or in elaborately outfitted modern trailers or trucks.

In most parts of the country, there is, in addition to the main pit, at least one drag pit, a smaller pit where fights which drag on longer than 15 or 20 minutes (depending on house rules) are completed under the surveillance of those betting on that particular fight, while a fresh pitting starts in the main pit.

At the far end of the pit is [*Continued on page* 65]

The gamecock uses a beak hold as leverage for his deadly shuffle, a series of thrusts with spurs that are sawed to stumps and topped with rapier-like forged steel gaffs.

Thoroughbred gamecocks instinctively start slashing when they're brought together, but to insure a livelier start, handlers agitate their birds by an advance introduction.

Veteran breeder Bill Grady of Tennessee proudly displays a Law Grey. Men like Bill are the real backbone of cock fighting, producing new strains and keeping old ones pure.

The town watched, the Sheriff waited. The duelling hour drew near. Not even an old man could back out when it was . . .

Time to Kill

By Kenneth Fowler

Sheriff Mike Duff was annoyed. He looked up from the clock's works spread out in orderly arrangement across the top of his desk and divided a peevish glance between his daughter Sally and his deputy, Spence Burdick.

"Can't you two find somethin' better to do with your time?" he grumbled. "I got a job here. Li'ble to mess it all up, with an audience."

Spence watched him stoop to retrieve a screwdriver that had fallen off the desk. His hand reached out for it with a chary slowness, like a man anticipating a twinge.

Sally cried: "There! See how you favor that arm? It's stiff as a board. And you hunting trouble with Eddie Gearhart!"

"I ain't huntin' no trouble. I'm just tryin' to keep it away."

Sheriff Duff met his daughter's accusing stare stubbornly.

"Anyways," he growled, "this ain't anything more'n just a crick in my shoulder. I'll git it worked out before noon."

Spence looked at the sheriff and thought of the terse ultimatum the tough old warrior

Illustrated by George Giguere

Eddie's feet shifted. His eyes skittered like panicked gray mice. Then he whirled.

had served on Eddie Gearhart just a few short minutes ago, in front of the Stockman's House.

"Gearhart, we got a quarantine agin' hombres like you in Corona de Rosas. You got till five o'clock to clear town."

And then Eddie Gearhart's jeering reply, "Five o'clock of which day, Sheriff? I ain't done nothin' to run for."

Spence's glance crossed to Sally's tense face. Suddenly, the pent-up tension in her broke. "If it's just a crick," she accused Mike Duff fiercely, "maybe you'll tell me why Doctor Harlo said you should be home nursing it

GEO. GIGUERE

with a hot water bottle!" She looked at him challengingly, anger in her eyes.

"Hot water bottle! Stuff and nonsense!" Huffishly, the sheriff picked up a cog wheel and dipped it in a pan of kerosene. Behind him, a wall shelf held a row of decrepit-looking clocks. A tiny ormolu struck, daintily chiming ten o'clock.

Mike Duff spoke testily, without looking up from the clock part clamped in his oily fingers. "You two weave along now," he said. "I got to tinker up this banjo clock for Wilbur Blackmon."

Sally stared at him tensely, tight-lipped. Then, as she suddenly pivoted, her starched gingham skirt crackled. "Oh, what's the use!" she exclaimed. "Come on, Spence. I'll walk you as far as the store."

A half dozen doors downstreet, she broke a run of silence between them as they halted in front of Everson's mercantile. "Spence, I couldn't tell him the truth—that he's getting old. What are we going to do?"

Spence stared down at her slim, delicately planed face and shook his head. "Virge Wright would take Mike into his business tomorrow, if Mike would let him. But with just another month of his term left, Mike's dead set on finishin' it out."

"Spence, tell me the truth. This Eddie Gearhart. Is he. . . ."

"I knew Eddie when he was just a whistle, wranglin' for the old Long Rail outfit. Airs his lungs a heap, but bring on a show-down and you'd see him straddlin' down the road."

"You wouldn't lie to me, Spence."

At five o'clock, Spence thought, Mike Duff is going to be shot dead by a cheap glory-hunter. Do you want me to tell you that?

He said: "Take my word. Eddie will be rollin' his wheels before five o'clock." Firmly, his hand built pressure on her arm as he faced her around to the store's doorway. "Now you don't get fussed up any more over this," he said. "I'll talk to Eddie. Eddie savvies I'm behind Mike in this deal, he'll pull in his horns."

Half an hour later he could still hear her saying it: "*You wouldn't lie to me, Spence.*" He stood in front of Virge Wright's jewelry store and saw Eddie Gearhart come out of the Elite Lunchroom, across the street. On the board walk Eddie paused to build a cigarette and Spence studied him.

Eddie'd filled out some from the brash, tow-headed kid he remembered, but six years hadn't made much difference otherwise. His narrow, sun-stained face still had the same lean look of toughness in it, and the ash-gray eyes were cold as a dead camp fire. Spence also noted the tied-down holster.

The butt of the .45 projecting from it had the smooth, worn look of use.

At that moment Eddie saw him and crossed the street.

Spence!" he said. "Long time no see, boy."

"Short time will see," Spence answered coldly. "Better not forget that five o'clock deadline of Mike's, Eddie."

Eddie's eyes froze. "I taken a job with Ben Havey at the Steamboat Belle, Spence. Gal there I like. I aim to stay around."

"I wouldn't, Eddie."

Eddie said thinly: "Heard talk around you and Sally Duff are fixin' to buy the old Chet Doerffler spread, up Windy Crick way. Be a shame anything happened to Sally's old man. 'Specially when you could get him to haul in his neck, if anybody could."

Spence's voice cut like a hullet. "So you can chase around with one of Ben Havey's dance hall flossies? Get this, Eddie. Nothing's going to happen to Mike Duff while I'm around."

Stolidly, Eddie spit. "Sheriff's got a heap of pride. Long's he could crawl, he wouldn't let nobody carry a smoke-pole for him." He wheeled idly. "Think that over," he said. "*Hasta la vista,* Spence."

The card propped in front of the big silver stem-winder in Virge Wright's window said: "Wright Time," and the hands indicated eighteen minutes before twelve.

Looking through the window, Spence Burdick could see Virge hunkered behind a glass showcase, aligning a display of new parlor clocks. This was where Mike Duff should be, here, working with Virge. But it was too late, now, to be hoping for that. Spence's thoughts piled into a log jam. "*You could get him to haul in his neck.*" Eddie was wrong there, plumb wrong. Once Mike Duff made up his mind to a thing, he wouldn't move camp for a prairie fire.

Absently, Spence stared down at the stem-winder. Almost time for Mike to come by. It was a regular noontime ceremony of Mike's to stop here on his way to lunch and set his watch by this one in Virge's window. Barring unforeseen incidents, Mike Duff's day never varied in its strict routine.

He set his watch by Virge's, but townfolk set theirs by him. At one sharp, he'd be back in his office. If he had no paper work, he'd putter around with his clocks. At five, he'd lock up. But today he might leave a minute or two early. Today—

Abruptly, Spence stiffened. Staring through the window at Virge, the log jam in his head seemed to break. Eagerly, he swung around and entered the store. . . .

It was hot and sticky at the shank of the afternoon, and striding down Main Street Spence Burdick could feel the sun baking through his soggy shirt and warming his shoulder-blades. "This heat's good," he thought. "A man sweats, it limbers up his joints."

Ahead of him, in the next block, the clock in the cupola of the courthouse building registered fifteen minutes before five.

He thought of Virge and felt a warm elation momentarily. The feeling was dispelled a few seconds later when he passed Everson's and caught a glimpse of Sally through the window, waiting on a customer. He had reassured Sally with more lies, after his talk with Virge. But, when she understood, maybe she would forgive him.

He was only half a block from the Steamboat Belle when its bat-wing doors opened, then slapped shut behind the gun-slung figure of Eddie Gearhart. Eddie's dun skewbald stood by the saloon's hitch rack. Spence walked on without changing stride.

For a long moment Eddie's gaze was lined downstreet. When he turned, Spence had the advantage of surprise. Eddie's eyes went taut.

Spence halted. He said: "Last call, Eddie. There's your bronc. You can still hive out."

Eddie's feet shifted. His eyes skittered like panicked gray mice.

"So you made a Pecos swap," he said. "Reckon I didn't count on that, Spence." He seemed to start for his horse. Then he whirled.

Spence wasn't tricked. At the arcing of Eddie's gun, he fired. Sally Duff came running out of Everson's. Eddie Gearhart tottered. She saw him fall. Farther upstreet, Mike Duff had heard the shot and was pounding along the board walk at a lumbering run.

Sally was hugged in Spence's arms when he broke through the crowd and reached them. His face was livid. "You!" he roared at Spence. "It was you and Virge! Set every damned timepiece in the town back fifteen minutes —even the courthouse clock!"

"All but the Steamboat Belle's," Spence said. He grinned and added, "A good repairman like you shouldn't have no trouble puttin' the others back to rights." •

BALLADS FOR MEN—

Oh, My Darling Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, 'Forty-Niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

CHORUS:
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine;
Herring boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine. (CHORUS)

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine;
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine. (CHORUS)

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine;
Alas for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine. (CHORUS)

In a churchyard, near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine. (CHORUS)

Then the miner, 'Forty-Niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he oughter jine his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine. (CHORUS)

In my dreams she still doth haunt me.
Robed in garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead, I'll draw the line. (CHORUS)

Author Unknown

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Illustrated by Gurney Miller

Does College

Education is usually thought of in terms of the many advantages it affords. Now, the experts are wondering if it doesn't also drain a vital part of masculinity

By Jules Archer

The veterans' stampede to the halls of higher education has stopped. Despite the fact that today's servicemen are being given the same chance for a college diploma that their World War II counterparts had, universities report no overwhelming response to the new GI Bill of Rights.

Apparently, the boys are carefully weighing the pros and cons of four years in the halls of ivy versus four years in the corridors of hard, but lucrative, knocks. Many are being influenced against campus life by older brothers and friends who were disillusioned by their experience as GI scholars.

"College softened me up," a vet who was graduated from Dartmouth told me bitterly. "Before the war I had it all figured out that I was going to be a truck driver, like my old man. That's what I should have done when I got out of the Army. But I thought the GI deal at college was too good to pass up. So I got my B.A., but by then I was too damn educated to drive a truck. Sure, I earn good dough as an electrical draftsman now. But I'd have been happier rolling the big jobs on the highways!"

There are many men who, by temperament, are best suited to tough and rugged jobs. A college education frequently condemns such men to professional work which may pay them well, but leaves them emotionally discontented. Yet many occupations, which once might have been suitable, are no longer possible for them.

In a study of job aptitudes, Dr. Donald A. Laird found that high school students ranked higher for service station work, for example, than those who had been to college. "Since the amount of schooling is a rough indication of intelligence," he observes, "apparently one can have too much intelligence for this work."

Put another way, a man who has been exposed to four years of philosophy, fine arts and mathematics is a man spoiled for contentment as a polisher of windshields.

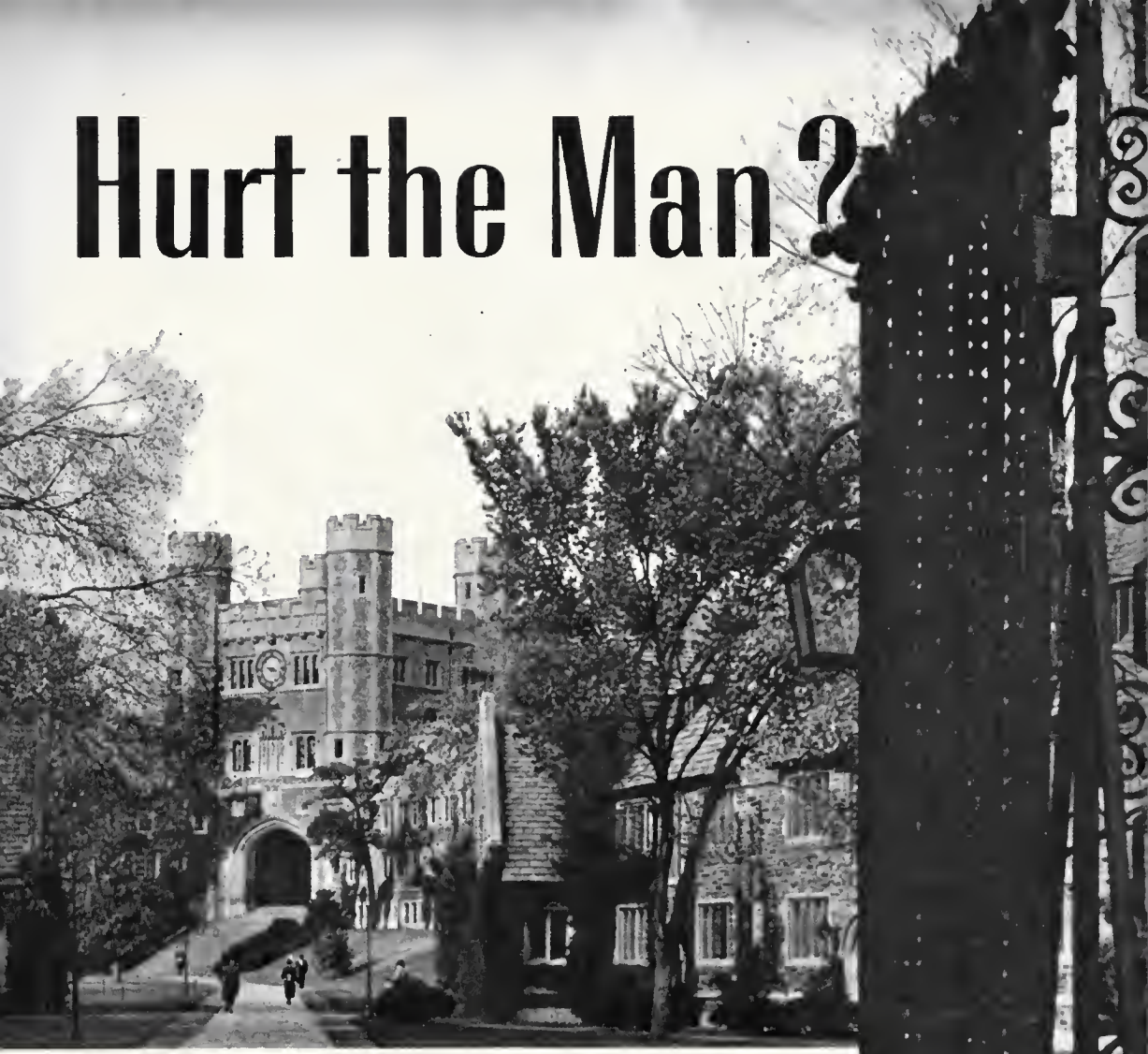
There are about 6,000,000 college graduates in the United States today. The chance that you are one of them is less than one in seventeen. But, if you do have a framed sheepskin on your wall, it marks you apart from most of your fellow men in more ways than you imagine. The higher your education, the more likely it is that you have serious doubts about your masculinity.

In an unusual experiment, Dr. William Marston selected a group of Harvard men who were known to be campus cynics about girls. He strapped them to lie detectors, and brought in strange girls to chat with them. The lie detectors showed that every Harvard he-man registered *fear!*

And world-famous Dr. Kinsey has shown that college men are not as aggressive sexually as non-college men. Of the latter, 85 per cent accept pre-marital intercourse as normal and natural. By contrast, the college man is so hesitant that he doesn't have his first complete experience until five or six years after the non-collegian. Once he *is* initiated, the odds are that until he marries he won't indulge more than a few times a year. The girls in the red light district see him less than once in three months. But they see the non-collegian about once every two weeks.

Joe College feels exactly the same sex drives as does the man his age on the other side of the campus gate. But he doesn't act on them in the same way. The non-collegian feels that *any* woman can satisfy his sex hunger. The college man, influenced by his cultural atmosphere, needs to have the woman react to him *personally*, rather than just to his money. Dr. G. M. Gilbert, Princeton psychologist, observes, "The college student's 'line' reflects his need for intellectual rationalization, while seeking

Hurt the Man?



the same satisfactions that his less educated brother obtains regularly with fewer qualms."

Single men who have the lowest frequency of sex experience, Dr. Kinsey has shown, belong to the college group. These same men also have the highest frequency of masturbation of all male groups—about twice as much, between the ages of 16 and 20, as those who never went past grade school. Furthermore, in a study of forty single men between 21 and 38, all college educated, Dr. W. S. Taylor found that 63 per cent of them used masturbation as a form of sexual adjustment. In other words, instead of finding substitutes, the more rugged non-college man takes his sex in the direct way nature intended.

Does masturbation affect the college man's virility? No, it can't hurt him physically, despite all the garbled misinformation current on the subject. But it *can* hurt him emotionally—chiefly through his guilt feelings. Because he tends to worry about this habit, which he finds difficult to break, and because of his shame at resorting to masturbation instead of intercourse, he develops an inferiority complex. This, in turn, lessens his aggressiveness and confidence, reducing his masculinity.

Why doesn't the college man seek full sex relations like his less educated brothers?

First, he has fewer opportunities than the man with a job who can afford to spend money on dates. Second, he knows a lot more about possible consequences—VD, unwanted pregnancy, shotgun marriages, interrupted education, blackmail, etc. These

Jorge Cuevas squinted through his Lyman peep. Then he closed his eyes tightly and shook his head. Droplets of sweat cascaded from his face. Five hundred yards across the ravine, almost invisible in the half light of the tropical dusk, a small black sheep ran for its life. In a few seconds, Jorge would miss his chance. He pulled the big-butted Mannlicher into his shoulder, sighted again and squeezed off his last shot.

A roar from five hundred throats told Jorge that the sheep was dead. It also told him that he had won the coveted Golden Bullock trophy, Mexico's highest award for marksmanship. Jorge Cuevas was the year's "Champion of Champions!"

It was the most amazing shooting match I've ever witnessed. Across the Rio Grande, they're doing some mighty strange things with 180-grain slugs.

Things like knocking the gobble out of four consecutive turkeys at 450 yards—standing, with open sights—and clipping a small sheep in full flight from more than 500 yards away. No telescopic sights here, either!

The practice of using live targets is customary at most marksmanship matches in Mexico. Over coffee at Sanborn's famous *casa del café*, not long ago, an American sportsman brought up a touchy question. "Isn't it cruel," he asked, "even barbaric, to shoot at helpless animals?"

I think Jorges Cuevas put it pretty well when he answered, "At our tournaments, we do wound a few birds and animals. They are quickly dispatched by professional attendants. But what about the vast amount of game that is wounded by your six million licensed hunters every year—and allowed to die in agony? Not to mention the hundreds of human beings who are killed and maimed during the hunting season in America?"

It was Jorge who invited me to the Tournament of the Golden Bullock. Held at the beautiful Santa Fe range outside Mexico City, it was the shooting year's biggest event. There were marksmen from all over the country, chosen after stiff elimination trials.

The first event was the rooster shoot, at a distance of 165 yards. Twenty-two caliber pistols were used, and any man who got half of his ten allotted birds was considered good. Jorge got off to a bad start—he hit only four of his roosters.

Next was the turkey shoot, where Jorge gained the lead in points. His Mannlicher made feathers fly from four out of five turks, which were tied to roosts 450 yards away.

Then came the main event, in which small black sheep are sent running across the top of a ridge 500 yards distant. You're allowed four shots—and you can't fire unless the animals are in motion.

Small boys run behind the beasts, shouting and throwing stones to keep them going in a straight line. Sheep and *muchacho* are joined by a length of rope in case the sheep strays from his path of duty. I asked Jorge about the mortality rate among these death-defying lads. He assured me with a straight face that the marksmen get far more sheep than boys.

Our friend raised the red flag only twice out of four shots. Even so, he was assured of mutton chops for a long time: the shooter is allowed to keep all sheep he hits, even if he only nicks a hoof. Jorge's sole rival at this stage tallied three sheep, which tied the point score.

The runners-up were awarded third and fourth places, and the two leaders received four more shots each. Neither scored a hit.

What followed then was certainly one of the most exciting, if exhausting, duels in the history of shooting. For five hours the two dead-eyes blazed away, and for five hours they matched each other shot for shot.

At eight-thirty, it began to rain. Both contestants were offered a postponement. They declined and continued shooting. Fifteen minutes later, Jorge's determined competitor drew a red flag. But the judges decided the hit was from a ricocheted slug. The contest went on.

The end came at nine o'clock when the running sheep were all but invisible. Near victory, followed by disappointment, had shattered the Mazatlan boy's nerve. Jorge Cuevas got two sheep.

The Golden Bullock was thrust into Jorge's arms by an exhausted official. Then everybody went home. Everybody but Jorge and his guests, that is.

Starting at Sanborn's, we did the circuit, determined to empty a glass for every shell it had taken to win that hard-earned trophy. I gave up at about what would have been the turkey shoot.

—Hal Hennesey

considerations tend to check his impulses far more effectively than those of the non-college man with less knowledge and fewer plans.

Joe College, accordingly, goes in a great deal more for sublimation of his sex impulses—petting, for example. Dr. Kinsey shows that 61 per cent of college men reach a sex climax regularly through petting—compared to only 32 per cent of those whose education stopped at high school, and 16 per cent of those who went no farther than grade school. In sharp contrast is the fact that only 42 per cent of college boys in their late teens have slept with girls, compared with 75 per cent of high school and 85 per cent of grade school graduates.

Max Lerner, in his study of campus morals, observes that the university male "finds more direct sexual expression in nocturnal release, in masturbation, in the kind of dancing which has been called 'petting to music,' in 'deep-kissing,' and most of all in petting itself."

Small wonder that Dr. G. M. Gilbert notes that while most of our nation's leaders come from college ranks, society seems to demand prolonged sexual frustration as the price of training for leadership.

Education also heightens the college man's sensibilities. Call it a conscience, sense of ethics, or any label you will, the fact remains that he cannot bring himself to be ruthless toward girls, even when they are more than willing. Since a great many women equate a two-fisted attitude toward themselves with masculinity, and admire the man who dominates them, Joe College often seems weak-chinned to them.

The handcuffs he locks on his wrists remain there when he leaves the campus and marries. As a husband, he is usually imbued with a sense of partnership, fair play, equality of the sexes and other such concepts. If anything, he tends to idealize women and put them on a pedestal. By contrast, the non-college man is more realistic; he insists upon taking the dominant role in marriage.

The college male's sharpened sensibilities make him feel his wife's sufferings—large and small—with anguish keen as her own. This may explain, in part, why only 2 per cent of college men outlive their wives, while 6 per cent of non-college men outlive theirs. Wives of college men are so sheltered, it would seem, that they live longer at the expense of their husbands. By contrast, the non-college male is much tougher when it comes to his wife's emotional reactions. He keeps his belt firmly buckled over the family pants and escapes much of the suffering peculiar to the fellow with a degree.

"We cannot possibly guarantee this," says Dr. Patricia West of Co-

lumbia's Bureau of Applied Social Research, "But the evidence we have is along this line—that the woman who marries a college graduate is less likely to wind up separated, divorced, *or in an early grave!*"

It is the college man who is most apt to "spare his wife" by putting an apron around his middle. A Gallup Poll survey a few years ago showed that he is the most likely to help around the house. More than four out of ten university graduates help with cooking, six out of ten with housework, and nearly one-third wash the dishes all the time or frequently. The college man assumes such tasks in the spirit of fair play. The non-college man resents them as impugning his masculinity.

At every turn in his marriage, the college man tends to defer to his wife's wishes and opinions. He often turns over his salary to her to avoid hurting her feelings about having to go to him for money. He often leaves the decision about when to have sex relations up to her, and worries more about her satisfaction than his own. He tends to have fewer children than the non-college man, as an investigation by Dr. W. A. Anderson, Cornell sociologist, shows, primarily because his wife wants fewer children.

A major study by Dr. West at Columbia reveals that only one college graduate in seventeen divorces his wife, compared with one husband in five for the population at large—a difference that is truly startling.

Only 1 per cent of college men are living apart from their wives, as against 3 per cent of non-collegians. It is also significant, as reported by a Cornell University study of 1,500 middle-aged graduates, that 93 per cent are married—compared with only 83 per cent of the non-college males of similar age.

Put these figures together, and they add up to the curious fact that the college graduate is much more apt to seek a wife, and to hang on to her at all costs. He is, in short, a more highly domesticated creature than his less educated brother, more apt to be henpecked and submissive.

Even when he is unhappily married, Joe College usually remains faithful —because of his timidness about hurting his wife. Also, as Dr. Kinsey suggests, even if he does decide to be unfaithful, he doesn't quite know how to go about it. When college grads finally get around to kicking up their heels—those who *do* take the plunge, that is—they are 25 to 30 years behind non-college husbands in arriving at that decision.

Add to this pattern of the mild-mannered college male a type of personality which seeks mothering in marriage. When Dr. Donald P. Kent, University of Connecticut sociologist, analyzed the attitudes of 52 college men, he concluded wryly that "males in this study seem self-centered; they love Mom because she waits on them and are looking for a wife to do the same." Dr. Kent also found that college men seem insecure about their ability to hold a mate.

Compare the undergraduate's idea of a good time with that of a man of equal age who works at a lathe or on a milk truck. The worker who wants to cut loose goes out for a complete sex experience, and usually gets what he goes after, whether he pays for it or picks it up. The collegian joins a mob —because he takes courage from being one of many—and raids the dormitories of college girls for lace panties and bras. It gives him an illicit thrill to touch girls' undergarments, and he considers himself quite a daring lad. It is painfully obvious to psychologists, however, that he is revealing his sexual frustration just as much as an adolescent smirking over pornography.

The non-college man usually holds a job in which he is in competition with other men, whether openly or by implication. In this competitive world, his masculinity is forged—just as it is in primitive tribes where one man pits his hunting and fighting skill against another. But when the college man leaves the campus, he generally enters a different arena—a professional world in which many of his competitors are women. He is then forced to sink further away from the sphere of masculinity by having to struggle against career women . . . sometimes working *under* them.

American men," Dr. Margaret Mead states, "have to use at least part of their sense of masculine self-esteem as men on beating women, in terms of money and status. And American women agree with them and tend to despise a man who is outdistanced by a woman."

As a rule, higher education tends to narrow the field of action for a man and to widen his field of thought. The bookworm is seldom an athlete, and the football hero is seldom a grind. As a man deepens his thought processes, he becomes increasingly aware of the gray shading in the areas between black and white. This makes him incapable of being a passionate champion of either one extreme or the other, because he can see some good and bad in both. His ability to see more than one viewpoint weakens his impulse to take action. Thus, he gradually slides into the role of a "thinker," rather than a "doer," and in this he denies his historic role as the dynamic male. •

"Father, my class just voted me most likely to succeed."

HOT GOLD

Continued from page 19

"If he's human he'll love it, believe me."

Once again a pair of slim ankles crossed the waiting room. The staccato click of spike heels suddenly ceased.

"I beg your pardon," said the brunette giving Feirst a quick frisk as he helped her back on her feet. "This doesn't seem to he my day."

He nodded absently.

"No false vest," the brunette reported to Duncan. "He's got bony ribs, halitosis and you owe me a pair of nylons. Just look what I did to these."

"We'll hang around anyhow," Duncan remarked to Turner and Eisenberg.

Shortly before flight time, a man entered the waiting room carrying two heavy suitcases. He made right for Feirst.

The second man left the two bags with Feirst and departed, Turner tailing him. Feirst picked up the two bags and took them over to be weighed and Duncan was behind him, getting a look at the scales. He tapped Feirst on the shoulder.

"Customs," he said.

The examination was quick, thorough and rewarding. The suitcases had false bottoms. Concealed in them were gold ingots weighing 768.36 troy ounces. Feirst was taken into custody. He admitted that he had been paid $300 by a "stranger" to deliver the bags to Rio. He got 18 months in prison.

Turner followed the second man. The trail led to the "stranger." Both were arrested. The second man, Samuel Kahan was a messenger who had been paid $20 to bring the bags to the airport. He got six months. The third man, David Rosenberg, didn't wait around to be sentenced: he promptly jumped his $15,000 bail. Federal agents are still looking for him —in Australia.

Interview a runner like Feirst and you soon discover that the "I was delivering it for a stranger" alibi is a stock answer in the racket. Gold smugglers, unlike members of other international mobs with whom I have talked, never squeal.

"What we need," said Duncan to Turner sometime after the Feirst seizure, "is a system. Maybe we can work out something with weight as a basis."

And so both men rolled up their sleeves, literally, and went at it.

They scanned a great number of passenger lists—outbound—paying particular attention to excess haggage. They went over equally long lists of returning passengers whose baggage weighed suspiciously less on re-entering the country than it did when leaving. The system began to pay off almost immediately.

In its net the squad caught such notorious gold smugglers as Manfred Fliegal and Charles M. Manning. Both were taken off a Bombay-bound plane with 2,200 ounces of gold in their possession. Fliegal was literally loaded.

"He was cold sober," Duncan recalls, "yet he teetered backward like a man who's had a few too many. He was wearing a specially constructed vest with gold bars in it. There was gold in his soles and heels. His shoes weighed 14 pounds. He had such difficulty walking that Turner had to help him off the plane."

But the system wasn't foolproof by any means, of course, despite several impressive seizures at airports. After a while there was a sudden lull.

"This," Tommy Duncan remarked, "is too good to be true. Something's cooking."

It was indeed. In the hold of the Queen Elizabeth.

On the morning of February 15, 1951, Duncan's phone rang and an undercover man at the other end, after identifying himself, asked an interesting question.

"How much," he inquired, "should a 3,000 pound car weigh?"

Duncan gave the right answer.

"Correct," said the voice. "If you'd like to see a 3,000 pound car that weighs in at 3,313 come on down to the Queen Elizabeth."

Duncan hurried down with Eisenberg. They inspected the car and discovered $171,000 worth of gold in its fenders. They picked up the shipper, one Saul Chabot. He got five years, but, like others, he isn't talking.

Despite their resourcefulness, officials say that for every gold smuggler caught, from 50 to 100 get away. "There's no conceivable way of checking on *all* the people who go abroad, and particularly on those who have no past criminal records," says Deputy Commissioner Chester A. Emerick, who is in charge of Customs investigation and enforcement. "The hiding places used are ingenious."

Contraband gold has been found in every conceivable part of automobiles; in crates of "farm" machinery and "novelty" jewelry; in the false bottoms and sides of trunks, suitcases and overnight bags; in the waistbands and shoulder pads of suits; in special undervests and money belts; in the heels of men's shoes and the soles of women's "wedgies." They've even caught women carrying gold in their brassieres.

Something new is learned by Customs every day.

For example, until we began the fight in earnest, no one suspected the intimate tie-in between gold smugglers and diamond "dealers" sneaking precious stones in from Holland. For a peek at how intimate the tie is, let's take a quick trip overseas to Amsterdam.

Though Amsterdam is only a way station for the international gold smuggler, it is an important one. I found that out before I had been there a couple of hours. It is in this city that the gold trail from the United States divides.

One branch of the trail leads to Rotterdam, where the exchange rate in the Dutch black market is highest. Here the gold thief exchanges his ingots for Dutch guilders. Returning to Amsterdam, he uses the newly acquired guilders to buy his diamonds. Then, in a fast turn-about operation, he smuggles the stones back to the U.S.

Doing a two-way business back and forth across the Atlantic can, and does, pyramid the smuggler's profits astronomically. Provided, of course, that he is not caught. If he is, his take on past expeditions has been so enormous that he can well afford to jump bail.

How much of the gold annually smuggled out of our country is done so at the actual instigation of the Kremlin, and how much of it is turned over to Communist agents in Europe by "independent operators" who ply between New York and Amsterdam, our government does not know. But our undercover men abroad believe it to be a great deal. They are convinced that a high percentage of gold is, directly or indirectly, being used to advantage behind the Iron Curtain.

I was told of one shipment of hot gold which arrived in Amsterdam. From there it was flown to Ethiopia by a couple of Communist agents on the assumption that operations in that remote country would not arouse suspicion.

The agents then ordered a large amount of critical war equipment from an American manufacturer to be delivered in Addis Ababa—payable in gold. It was a tempting offer, but the American manufacturer turned it down after doing some paperwork. When his figures revealed that several Ethiopian armies couldn't possibly use all that equipment, he smelled a very live Communist rat.

Another sore spot for American Customs are the gold mines in Canada. "High-grading"—the stealing of high-grade ore—has been going on there for generations. "Most of the miners use the same reasoning," says Inspector Charles W. Wood of the Ontario Police.

"They figure their work is dangerous and that the gold is in the ground, anyway. So long as people thousands of miles away are offering big money for gold, why not keep some nuggets for themselves instead of turning them all over to the company? These same miners would call you a dirty thief if they saw you stealing bread from a grocery store."

In cracking down on the smuggling of high-grade ore, the Canadian authorities cooperate closely with our own. At Royal Canadian Mounted Police headquarters in Ottawa, Inspector Peter R. Usborne told me of several cases in which the Mounties assisted in rounding up international smugglers.

The most unusual case was that of Dominick Squillante who, incredibly enough, stole a 100-pound gold brick worth $30,564 from a mine in the Porcupine region of Ontario. It was literally hot gold, for he lifted it out of the mold in which it was cooling with a pair of asbestos gloves and hid it in his house. He wasn't suspected even after he quit

his job a few weeks later, and disappeared.

The mine owner, when the theft was discovered, thought that the gold brick had somehow been stolen from the burglar-proof bullion vault and was mystified. So were the Mounties.

One day, some time later, an Italian laborer at the mine received a letter from relatives in Milan asking him why he didn't make a lot of money in a hurry and return to Italy, like Dominick Squillante. This peeved the man and also made him suspicious. The letter was turned over to the mine owner. It got to the Mounties who began an investigation.

They discovered that it was Squillante who had stolen the gold brick. He had sawed it up into chunks, which he concealed on his person, and had gone into Detroit by way of Windsor. In Detroit he made a connection with a smuggling gang and sold the gold; then he came to New York and took a ship for Italy. At last reports, he is still there and living like a millionaire.

The smuggling gang in Detroit didn't fare so well, however: it was rounded up in short order. The U.S. Special Customs Rackets Squad can work very fast.

As in the case of Israel Sussman.

On the evening of January 14, 1952, Sussman, a young Canadian, boarded a train for New York City.

As the U.S. Immigration and the U.S. Customs inspectors came through the train for a routine examination, Sussman, as well as the other passengers were asked the usual questions.

Name: Israel Sussman. *Residence*: Wilderton Avenue, Montreal. *Nationality*: Canadian. *Destination*: Forest Hills, Long Island. *Purpose of visit*: to see uncle, Morton Rhine. *Anything to declare*: no.

Seemingly without interest, the Customs Inspector examined Sussman's two traveling bags, grunted an okay and passed on. By the time the train stopped at the next station, however, the Inspector had sent a fast wire to Duncan.

"Morton Rhine's nephew on train," Duncan read. "Gave bags once over. Heavy."

Duncan nodded approvingly. Morton Rhine was on the priority list of gold smuggling suspects. Anyone visiting him would bear watching. Especially a visitor from Canada.

Then Duncan's brow furrowed. "What in hell," he demanded, "does this Sussman look like?"

Every man of the squad had his hands full with other cases that night. So he called in Agent Johnny Fawcett for an assist and explained the circumstances. Johnny knew Montreal, but he did not know Sussman. He grabbed a plane for Springfield, Mass., and caught the Montreal-New York train there. It was a 12-car train, and Johnny walked through it several times, looking over passengers. Finally he made a choice—which turned out to be correct—a young man in the club car who was furiously chain-smoking.

"Hello, Mr. Sussman!" he said jovially, sinking into the seat beside him.

"Hello, Mr. . . ." said Sussman blankly.

"Wilson," supplied Johnny. A fast and convincing talker he steered the conver-

HE TALKS WITH ANIMALS

During the days preceding the Normandy invasion, a hurried conference was held one night concerning dogs. "Another mission has failed," said a paratroop officer. "Another group of good men has been tracked down by those German dogs. We've tried everything—airtight suits, sterile shoes and socks—but still those dogs nose out our men. Unless we find some way to stop them soon, our whole program may be in danger."

A hurry-up appeal was made to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Institute agreed to tackle the problem but suggested: "Why not call on Sparhawk? He knows how to speak the animals' language."

And so the problem of the German war dogs landed in the lap of Charles V. Sparhawk, a research and manufacturing chemist of Sparkhill, New York, who is known as "the man who talks with animals."

Sparhawk's answer was simple but effective. Previously attempts had been made to cover the odor of the paratrooper. Sparhawk concentrated on the dog.

First, he concocted the synthetic odor of a female dog "in heat." Then, to this mixture, he added a chemical eight times more powerful than ether, but entirely odorless. One whiff of it and any animal would find his smelling apparatus paralyzed for several hours.

This substance was put up in the form of an aerosol bomb. The paratrooper had only to spray a little of it along as he ran. The German dog, attracted by the scent of the female, would follow the trail anxiously. But, after following this scent for eight or ten yards, the dog's nose would become anesthetized, and he would be unable to smell anything for hours.

Sparhawk's uncanny ability to talk the language of animals grew out of his work as a perfume chemist. Early in his career he became curious about the animal material that goes into good perfume.

Hundreds of chemists before him had ordered Tongking from a tiny deer in Tibet, civet from the Ethiopian cat and various other animal scents—and never given the matter a second thought. Sparhawk began to wonder why animals were equipped with these scent glands. He came to the conclusion that scent is to the animal world what language is to humans.

"Animals depend on odor to find a mate, to evade an enemy, to find food and to select a place to sleep," he concluded. "Their whole existence is influenced by odors."

His most important discovery came somewhat by accident. Back in 1940 a friend, whose new automobile had been sprayed by a skunk, appealed to Sparhawk to kill the horrible odor. Sparhawk succeeded in making a preparation which completely masked the odor of the skunk. This was a chemical achievement of the first order. However, since the number of persons sprayed by skunks is small, there seemed to be little market for the product.

Then Sparhawk had an inspiration. He remembered that rats in a barn always left whenever a skunk was in the neighborhood. Skunks decapitate rats on sight. So Sparhawk deodorized some skunk "milk" until it wasn't offensive to the human nose. He then caught a rat, placed it in a cage and sprayed the preparation on the bars. The rat went wild, dashing his head against the sides in frantic efforts to escape. Even deodorized skunk "milk" spelled bad medicine to the nose of the rat, which is some ten times as sensitive as the human nose. This spray proved to be a valuable aid in rodent control.

This same preparation is used as a lure for fox by Canadian trappers. The skunk is known in the forest as one of the best foragers. Small game commonly follow him in the hope of finding food. The trapper merely makes trails of the skunk odor leading to his traps, and Br'er Fox is on his way to becoming a fur coat.

Recently a large trapping company appealed to Sparhawk to figure out some way to keep beaver from blocking canals which carry fresh water essential to the propagation of muskrats. Sparhawk made up an odor which spells "go away" to beaver. It was a scent made from wolf and otter glands, both deadly enemies of the beaver.

Orchard men have found Sparhawk's ability to talk to animals a godsend. Recently a group of orchard men in the Northwest appealed to him to keep deer from eating the bark off their trees. The odor of wolf—plus the odor of fresh deer blood—proved very convincing to the deer. They stayed away in droves.

—John D. Murphy

sation. He had just been up in the Timmins district, he explained. He was arranging for a high grade deal.

Sussman showed interest, and Johnny obligingly confided a few details of his gold smuggling operations out of Timmins.

"That's the way they work it over in the Val D'or district, too," Sussman said. "I'm better acquainted over there."

Johnny kept right on talking until the train arrived at Grand Central Station. He reached for his briefcase, mentioning that he was traveling light. He picked up one of Sussman's two pieces of luggage, offering to help him off the train.

"Golly, this is heavy," he commented. "What you got in here?"

"Gold," said Sussman.

"That's too bad for you," said Johnny, and walked him out to the platform where Duncan was waiting.

There was $13,500 worth of gold in the bags, and Sussman was quickly indicted.

"Not one of our bigger cases," said Duncan to me with a smile. "But satisfactory. Very satisfactory."

Somehow I doubt if Mr. Sussman would agree with his appraisal. •

MONTE-CARLO—ROAD RACING'S MOST GRUELING GRIND

Continued from page 23

without trouble, for which I heave a great sigh of relief. On the last race I had been forced to pour out all the extra gasoline that I was carrying in tins, the strict border guards having decided I was "smuggling" gasoline into Germany.

The cobblestoned roads of Germany, not bad in the summer, prove to be a source of torture. Each stone carries its own special knot of snow and ice. Our car bounces from one to the next, jarring our teeth and making control of the steering wheel almost impossible. When we start a skid we have to finish it, the steering wheel losing all its influence every time the front wheels bounce into the air.

We come to one of the Hitler-built military roads, and I pick up speed. Too much speed, I discover almost too late. Just outside of Hamburg I find I am five minutes *ahead* of schedule. In other words, I have made better time than I should have, and if we arrive at the control point ahead of schedule, we will be penalized. I coast down to a walk, and arrive at the control point right on time.

More food, a brief nap, and on to Brussels. Up to this point, the storm we have been chasing has delivered only snow, but now we are following the trailing edge of a sleet storm. It is slightly warmer, and we have our blessed windshield once more in place, but the road looks like sheer death. We pass car after car in the ditch, and the German police are out reducing traffic to a snail's pace.

The race is beginning to tell on us now. Three-quarters of the driving is done in darkness, and the swirling snow and mist reflected in our headlights has left us almost blind. Nor can we pick up time by speeding on straight stretches of road. We are in one of the most densely populated sections in the world, and we no sooner leave the outskirts of one city or town than we are in another. Traffic becomes fantastic. It is not only that the lorries are big, but we encounter trailer lorries, with as many as three huge trailers swinging along behind a single tractor-truck. Many other Rallye cars are in the traffic stream now, the drivers from Oslo having joined us at Helsingborg, and the drivers from Munich having swung in at Hamburg. All of us join in cursing the slow traffic that is blocking our way. Still, that is part of the game.

At Brussels we meet with a new kind of difficulty. The newsreel cameramen are there in droves. Weary and unshaven, we must pose for the cameras, be interviewed by the press and radio reporters, and cancel any plans we might have had for getting a nap.

On to Paris. Six hours if we are lucky, seven if we hit snow and ice, and eternity if we hit something more solid.

We nearly meet our Waterloo not far from the famed Waterloo. Late at night, and we drive up to an all-night service station. No service. I honk my horn. I honk my horn again. Not a soul stirs. I turn on my terrific siren—the one I use to arouse the long lorry trains. Up goes a window on the second floor, and out comes the lurid announcement that in hell he will sell me gas to help me hurn better. As we drive off we see another Rallye car drive up and start honking for service. We trust that little service station man slept well that night.

We are desperate. Our information had shown us scores of filling stations open all night along our route, but not one do we find. I drive all over the sleeping town. Nothing. Then, luck of luck, I spy a huge lorry pulled far off the road and into a grove of trees. The driver, I know, must be sleeping in the cab. If he does not shoot me at his first awakening, I know I can persuade him to part with a few gallons of gas for an adequate franc note. I rap on the cah, and he wakes up gracefully.

But precious minutes are lost. The gas siphons out so slowly through the small tube that I am hopping up and down with impatience, and vowing that next time I will carry nothing less than a fire hose for siphoning off gas. On we go, into the dawn.

Sheep. Hundreds of them. To me it looks like thousands or millions of them. Covering every inch of the road, the ditch, and to the walls bordering the road. Packed in like sardines. I turn on the siren. The shepherd nearly jumps out of his skin, but the sheep do not budge.

More minutes that seem like hours drag on while my nerves tighten to the snapping point. Exhaustion plus the strain of night driving is beginning to get me. The bleating herd finally drifts by, and I hear the horns of my competitors sounding in rage behind me.

Sunny France? Not during the Rallye. The clouds are low, and there is more sleet in them as we pull into Paris.

Cops on motorbikes are waiting, ready to clear traffic for us to the control station. So fast are they, and so eager, that we have difficulty keeping them in sight through the crooked, narrow streets.

At the station, there is no time for rest. By now the pace is too great. We don't even pose graciously for the newsreel cameras, but keep right on gulping down food and pouring down hot coffee as we answer the questions hurled at us.

So we are off for Dijon, following our motorbike escort to the edge of Paris. Two-thirds of the race is behind us, but by far the worst is ahead. By now the road is crowded with Rallye drivers, the cars from Glasgow, Monte-Carlo and Lisbon having joined our route. At Bourges we will be joined by the drivers from Palermo, and then all of us, together for the first time, will fight it out for position on the last stretch to Monte-Carlo.

We follow the Rhone river at first, with only a thin line of trees separating us from the water. It looks easy, but those trees are vicious when one drives through sleet on an icy road.

South goes the route, but instead of getting warmer it gets colder. The endless string of villages eats up our time, but I manage to break even on the straightaways. Then comes a detour.

In the next village, with one through street and a public square, we are halted by a religious festival. For seven long minutes we wait while scores of school children complete their program of songs and recitations.

At nightfall we leave the level river valleys and start up into the Alpes Maritimes. This southern extension of the Swiss Alps is notorious for its precipitous, serpentine, cliff-bordered roads.

No longer do we even attempt to take turns napping in the bouncing car. Both of us must keep our eyes intent on the road. It is our last night, and the surviving cars from all starting points are churning through the darkness with us. From experience, we know accidents will be plentiful this night, some of them bad ones. I get out my "special mixture," a secret concoction which I got from a Danish six-day bicycle racer. We drink the brew, and our sleepiness yields to a surge of exhilaration.

Up into the deep snows of the peaks. A side-skid onto a bridge hardly wide enough to take the car head-on. Out of that and into a hairpin turn on the edge

of a cliff. A quick glance downward reveals a vertical drop of 1,500 feet, with the lights of little villages in the valley. It's like flying.

We are gaining on the car ahead. I recognize it as a Lisbon starter, and the driver is having trouble with the ice and snow we northern drivers take for granted. Even as I mention this to my partner the car goes into a wild skid, spins completely around, smashes into the face of the cliff, and bounces back into the middle of the road.

With a desperate wrench I twist my own car around the wreckage. I seem to feel the left rear wheel spinning out in space, beyond the cliff's edge. I can't turn, but I don't have to. By a freak of luck the road turns for me. Instead of space below me, I have the face of a cliff dead ahead. I cramp the front wheels and slam the brakes on hard.

The car responds with a slow-motion half-spin. Crash! We hit the cliff squarely with our rear bumper. We are out in a second, looking over the damage.

None! It is unbelievable. One dent in the bumper which will not disqualify us, and the fenders are intact. I run back to the Lisbon car. The driver and his partner are out in the road, looking sadly at two folded wheels. I offer to help get the wreckage out of the road, but the offer is refused with a wry grin.

"You got by us," says the driver, looking in awe over the edge of the cliff. "Let your competitors behind you worry about getting our car out of the way."

If anything, the road gets worse. We pass three more wrecks, one against the abutment of a narrow bridge, one smashed into a cliff, and the third at the bottom of a 15-foot, boulder-strewn slope. The drivers look bloodied up a bit, but they wave us on.

My turn comes shortly after dawn. We are speeding down an open stretch of road, the first such stretch we have encountered, and maybe it makes me careless. On our right is a high bluff, and on our left, a river. Ahead is a gentle curve.

I am doing at least 60 mph when suddenly, to my horror, I see a huge sheet of glare ice ahead. Melting snow from the bluff had flowed across the road the day before, and frozen solid during the night.

Right then and there we leave this earth. We shoot over the bank like a rocket.

"Good-bye, Monte-Carlo," I think.

With an enormous crash we land, all four wheels solid, in the middle of the river. I see a sheet of spray flash up ahead of us. Then ice water pours into the car. We sit there, stunned. The water swirls up to our knees and stops. It reminds us we are still alive. We might even still be in the race.

We step out waist deep in the blood-red water. We hear a shout from above, and look up to see an enormous truck pulled over to our side of the road. The driver, ponderous though his vehicle might be, is a Rallye fan at heart. With him are two helpers, and already they are getting out lengths of rope strong enough to snatch ten cars such as ours out of the river. And snatched out we are. In less than ten minutes we are back on the road.

We had landed in a thick red ooze, and the bottom of the car is caked with the stuff. My partner and I crawl under the car to inspect it; the truck driver and his helpers are under there with us in a flash. Some wiring has been torn loose and the brake rods were bent, not by our flight, but in being dragged back up over the loose houlders. They repair this damage and drain the engine of water.

Meanwhile, my partner and I have wiped off the ignition system, switched over to our extra battery that had remained dry on a shelf behind us, and replaced the broken glass in our headlights. New oil in the crankcase, gasoline from our sealed tins into the gas tank, and we are ready to try it.

No go. "Roll her down the grade," shouts the truck driver. "She'll march." He seems very confident. More so than I am. But he and his helpers give us a push, and we begin to pick up speed.

I turn on the ignition and let out the clutch. A pop, and then another. Clouds of steam pour out of the exhaust pipe as the motor begins to take hold. And then, quite abruptly, we are purring along with the motor running as smoothly as ever. The bath seems to have done the car good. I can hardly believe it.

Now we are freezing. Our heavy trousers are soaked with ice water. The seat cushion is a soggy mass of slush. Though the heater is throwing out waves of heat, it doesn't seem to reach us. In our exhaustion, we have no resistance left.

Then we swing around a high promontory and there, far below us, is the blue, sun-dappled Mediterranean. Ten minutes later we pass our first palm tree. Even though we are still sitting in slush, the sight makes us *feel* warmer.

We drop down to the world-famous boulevards that follow the coast. There are no speed limits for us here. Through Cannes, Juanles-Pins, Antibes, and Nice.

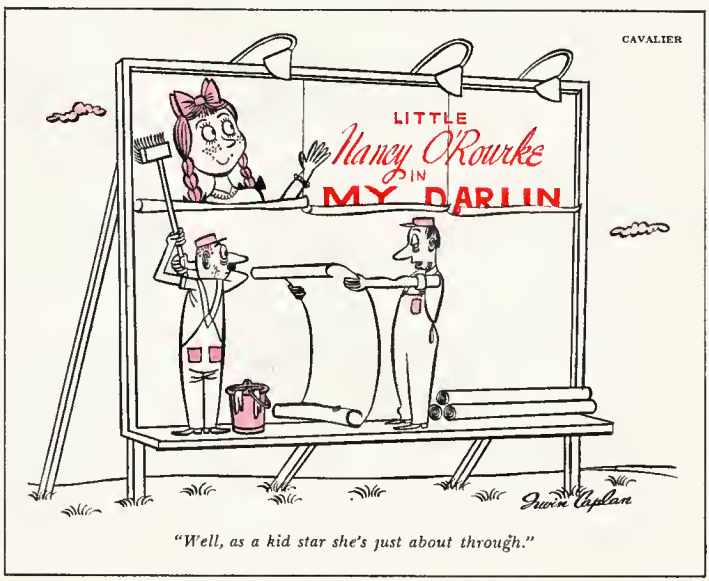
Outside of Nice is an intersection where our boulevard splits into three roads, and all three, as indicated by the sign posts, lead to Monte-Carlo. The only trouble is that one is the scenic route that leads back up into the Alps again, the other is a truck route through the towns, and only the third runs smoothly along the coast. As I swing like a homing pigeon onto the coast road I see at least a dozen Rallye cars halted at this baffling intersection as the drivers pour frantically over their maps. I don't feel a bit sorry for them. Not in my wet pants.

The high cliffs of Monaco loom ahead. I shoot across the border at 80 mph, keeping fast company with a Jaguar. The crowds in Monte-Carlo cheer me wildly, thinking my small car has raced the big one all the way.

Before we climb out, we hand over our log book and control point records and are interviewed by the press under the watchful eyes of the officials. Then we are guided to a closed compound where every inch of our car will be inspected for any irregularities. And finally—ahhh—24 hours of wonderful sleep.

The next day we drive the regularity test—40 grueling minutes of mountain climbing—and when we pass that, we are declared to have met all the requirements of a finishing competitor in the Rallye Automobile Monte-Carlo. No prize money, mind you. Just the honor of having finished the race in style, and that's enough for me. Fully half of the 400 cars that started the race never got to Monte-Carlo at all.

And just to make my satisfaction complete, that night I visit the Casino and play the red, in honor of the red mud that cushioned the dive of my car. And like my car, the red comes up every time. If we didn't win the race, we win enough to pay for it, and for more satisfaction than that a man cannot ask. ●



"Well, as a kid star she's just about through."

A SIMPLE PILL FOR BIRTH CONTROL

Continued from page 15

cell—male sex unit of reproduction—from fertilizing the female ovum, or egg.

Sperm cells look very much like tadpoles, except that they are considerably smaller. Normally fertile semen—the fluid released by the male during intercourse—contains several hundred millions of these "tadpoles." In order for conception to occur, one sperm cell out of all these millions must travel up through the womb and penetrate the waiting ovum—a single cell large enough to be barely visible to the naked eye.

The ovum is protected by a tough layer of surface cells cemented together by hyaluronic acid, a substance that is present in all body tissues. Crashing this formidable barrier requires special equipment. The sperm cell has it, in the form of a counter substance, hyaluronidase, that loosens up the surface cells and permits entry into the ovum.

Dr. Sieve's birth control pills work, according to him, by tipping the scales in favor of infertility. Phosphorylated hesperidin, he claims, neutralizes the hyaluronidase in the sperm and fortifies the surface cells of the ovum, thus making it virtually impossible for the male cell to fertilize the female.

Two earlier researchers, Drs. Gustav J. Martin and J. M. Beiler, had blazed a trail to this exciting new discovery by using the hesperidin drug to produce temporary sterility in laboratory rats. Impressed by the Martin-Beiler findings, Dr. Sieve undertook a similar experiment with white Swiss mice, and got parallel results.

Switching the test from mice to humans took much nerve and more planning. Fortunately, many of Dr. Sieve's loyal patients were willing to take part in the experiment. He selected only fertile couples who had had at least one child and were considering another, so that any failure of the pills would not produce an unwanted pregnancy.

The social and occupational character of these "experimental humans" was chosen so as to provide a wide cross-section of American society. Bank presidents and beer salesmen, accountants and auto mechanics, professors, steamfitters, fashion models, housewives, bakers—plus two famous athletes and the top executives of at least three high-bracketed business firms—all took the pills faithfully.

The results of this experiment, picked up by the wire services and beamed around the world, have already sparked intensified efforts by other researchers in the field. They are hitting the problem from a dozen different angles, seeking the hormone, vitamin, enzyme or chemical compound that will heat out all others in the race for a perfect contraceptive pill.

For those wise souls who are more concerned with the present than with the future, we attach below a score-sheet of current contraceptive methods.

Over 500 contraceptive products—condoms, diaphragms, cervical caps and other mechanical gadgets, plus an endless series of douche accessories, gels, pastes, powders and what-have-you—hit the American market each year for a total sale of one quarter of a billion dollars.

Ninety per cent of these items are unreliable, some are dangerous.

Of the 10 per cent that are medically approved, all are products that must be applied directly to the male or female genital areas. For many men and women this act of preparation interferes with the spontaneity and pleasure of the sexual act.

A disturbing percentage of normally sexed humans have built up such a resistance to contraceptives that they willingly resort to the dangerous and unsatisfying method of coitus interruptus—withdrawal by the male immediately prior to ejaculation.

This situation has troubled marriage counselors, psychiatrists and sex relations experts for years. Dr. Lena Levine, Marriage Consultant of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America—the organization that does most to foster scientific birth control and fertility studies in this country—pinpointed the problem for me with admirable frankness:

"A large percentage of women, perhaps one out of two, show definite resistance to our safest method, the diaphragm and jelly (a flexible rubber cup, well covered with a sperm-killing gel, that is inserted into the vagina and slipped over the cervix, or mouth of the womb).

"Many of these women, especially those for whom 'sex is overrated,' pass responsibility for birth control over to the male.

"Most men don't object to use of the condom. Nevertheless, there are a considerable number that resent any kind of mechanical device. They insist upon having intercourse 'the natural way,' which means, of course, reliance upon the douche bag, or the split-second timing of withdrawal. The anxiety produced by this dare-devil type of birth control does more to wreck the sexual relationship than any mechanical device.

"Some people, of course, use their dissatisfaction with contraceptive devices as a shield to hide an underlying fear of sex. But most complaints, in my opinion, are due to a basic distaste, especially among women, for the necessary genital manipulation.

"Any form of extragenital contraception would do much to improve the quality of human sexual relations. A pill, of course, would be ideal."

It should be noted that many of the products discussed below are not items for masculine purchase; yet the well-informed male can do much to set the record straight in an area where either partner may help to create or destroy the other's happiness.

The douche. More money is spent annually on douches than on any other type of contraceptive, yet douche preparations are among the least reliable of birth control methods. One authority, Dr. Emil Novak, of Johns Hopkins University, warns that of the hundreds of douche products on the market, not one can meet the standards of contraceptive safety.

Actually, most of these perfumed or "medicated" compounds have less sperm-killing potency than ordinary vinegar or lemon juice. A recent report from the Newark Maternal Health Center reveals that 250 out of 507 women who used a certain douche became pregnant.

Even the best spermicide, applied *after* sexual intercourse, cannot outrace nature. Drs. John Gilmore and S. A. Lewin, authors of the authoritative "Sex Without Fear"—a book sold only through physicians and professional marriage counselors—state the case against douches in no uncertain terms:

"Sperm travel a great deal faster than even the most nervous of women, who must leap from bed (when she should be lying relaxed and contented) and, frequently, prepare the douche before she can use it. Also, the sperm can travel where she cannot, into the cervical cavity and hence up the uterus."

The condom. In national popularity, the condom runs a close second to the douche. It is estimated that almost a billion of these commodities are sold each year by drug stores, barber shops, bell hops and other outlets—all without benefit of advertising. For safety it rates among the best of contraceptive devices, providing, of course, that a careful balloon test for air leaks is made prior to use.

Although it is scandalously over-priced—mark-up hits 2,000%—it is best to stick to the well-known brands and to pay the drug store ante. Otherwise, one runs the risk of getting seconds, rejects, or inferior products put out by fly-by-night manufacturers. The Food and Drug Administration keeps quality standards high by annually destroying hundreds of thousands of defective condoms. Safest method is to combine it with a spermicidal gel.

Diaphragm and jelly. Most physicians consider this the most effective method available today. It is recommended by all of the 527 birth control clinics—run by the Planned Parenthood Federation, the U. S. Public Health Service and individual hospitals—now functioning in every state of the Union except Massachusetts and Connecticut.

The diaphragm cannot be properly or safely used unless it has first been fitted by a competent physician or birth control clinic, at which time the woman is instructed in its use. Success with this contraceptive requires a certain minimum skill for proper placement.

However, this method of birth control has many advantages, the greatest of which is that the diaphragm can be inserted many hours prior to intercourse, and need not be removed until long after

consummation. This allows for maximum spontaneity in the love relationship.

Stem pessaries, rings. While some doctors continue to recommend stem pessaries, rings, "wishbone pessaries" and similar pressure contraceptives for women, the general attitude of the profession is that they are highly dangerous, often causing inflammation and infection. Several critical cases of ruptured womb and peritonitis have started a movement to have these products declared illegal.

Cream or jelly alone. The vaginal cream or jelly acts as a contraceptive agent in two ways: it forms a viscous block covering entrance to the uterus; and its chemicals are spermicidal. Generally, this form of contraceptive is safer for women who have never borne children. One new jelly product, Preceptin, has had excellent results after extensive clinical tests.

Suppository. The suppository is highly regarded in England and by some physicians in this country. It should never be used, however, unless recommended by a doctor or clinic. Inferior products may lack spermicidal effectiveness or contain irritating chemicals.

"Natural" methods. All so called "natural" methods of contraception deserve to be lumped together under the heading of "Gamblers' Techniques." Withdrawal (coitus interruptus), the most universal of these, wreaks havoc with the nerves of both sex partners, is awkward, embarrassing and, at best, can never prove to be wholly reliable. In addition to the obvious danger of poor timing or lack of self-control on the part of the male, withdrawal contains a hidden danger of which most men are unaware—that is, the ever-present possibility of impregnating the female *before* climax.

The "Rhythm" method. Also called the "safe period," this technique of contraception would be excellent if humans were constructed like machines. It is based on the fact that women are only fertile for a short period each month, following ovulation, and therefore theoretically safe the rest of the time. Unfortunately, very few women are so "regular" that they can follow this method, and even for such exceptions, the cycle may be upset by any form of stress, emotional excitement or even by a common cold. Sometimes frequent intercourse will have the same result. Furthermore, it is almost impossible to calculate the exact time of ovulation each month except under close medical supervision.

Nevertheless "rhythm calendars" and other phony calculating gadgets that "scientifically predict" the sterile and fertile cycles, are being sold daily to unsuspecting women at prices that range from ten cents to ten dollars.

Doctors generally can give adequate advice on standard forms of contraception. Where a chemical product, such as a trade name jelly, is being considered, a postcard or letter mailed to the Food and Drug Administration or Federal Trade Commission, Washington, D. C., or to the American Medical Association at 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, will bring an answer in which the product will be rated—free. •

Build It Yourself

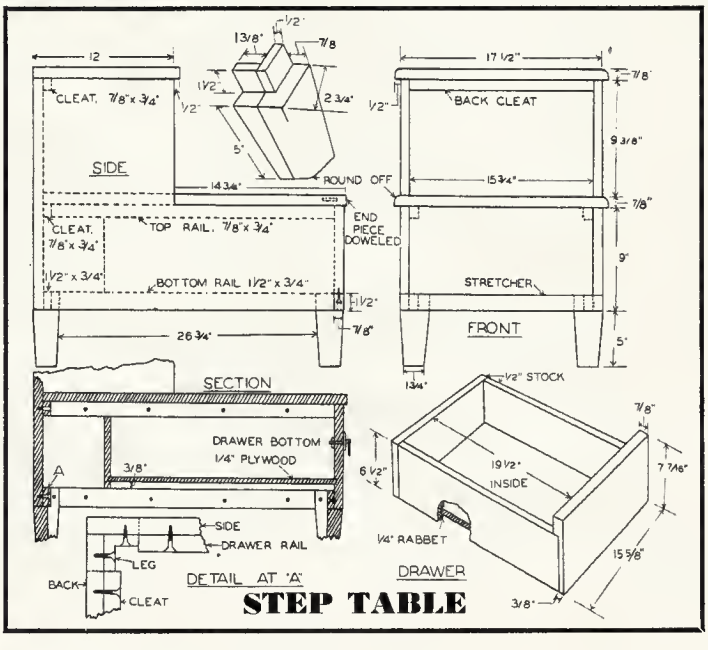
Put this table just once beside your easy chair and you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. It stands at just the right height for a reading lamp on the top step, and an ash tray or tall glass on the lower step. Your favorite books go in the open compartment and the roomy drawer holds pipes, tobacco or papers.

Use clear, solid wood—pine, mahogany, oak or maple are ideal—in the following thicknesses: sides, steps, back, drawer front, drawer rails, cleats may be 7/8" or 3/4", whichever is handier. The drawings call for 7/8", so if 3/4" is employed make the necessary adjustments of dimensions. Drawer sides and back are 1/2". Drawer bottom is 1/4" plywood or solid stock. Legs are 1 3/8", glued up as indicated to make them 2 3/4" each side. Full-width planks for sides, steps and back will probably be impossible to get, so these members are formed by gluing and doweling or splining narrower pieces together. Tools required are the basic assortment—sharp handsaw, jack plane, brace and bits, wood file, screwdriver, sandpaper.

Assembly is simple. Screw the drawer rails to the insides of the sides and attach cleats to the back (1 1/2" No. 6 flathead screws are used throughout). Stand the sides upright and parallel and place the lower step in position, fastening it to them with countersunk screws driven downward, three to each side of the outer part of the step, two to each side in the compartment. Drill for every screw and use a 3/4" bit to counterbore. All screwheads are later covered by wooden plugs.

Next add the back, putting fastenings in through the sides. Notch the sides at the front lower corners and fit the stretcher, which is fastened from underneath with deeply countersunk screws and glue. These holes will he covered hy the legs. Then attach the top step.

Drawer construction is clearly shown. Legs are all identical; they are glued up square, then cut to shape and tapered with plane and sandpaper. Sand the entire project and soften all edges. It looks best in its natural wood color.—Roland Cueva



THE CASE OF THE MODEL'S FEE

Continued from page 34

was ajar," said Gedeon. "I didn't notice it the first time."

The phone rang. Inspector Kear, chief of all detectives in Manhattan, grabbed it. A male voice asked for Ronnie. A guy had put a nickel in a coin box and bought himself a bargain in trouble.

"Who is this?" asked Kear, a deceptively soft-spoken man.

"Steve Butter."

"Where are you, Steve?"

"Home."

"Where is that?"

Butter told Kear.

"You just stay there, Steve. Somebody will be right over. Now don't go away."

The apartment wasn't disordered. Kear was under the impression that the killer had known the place pretty well. The ladies had not been raped; just strangled. Kear's hunch was that the killer had burned with a monumental hatred for either Ronnie or her mother, and that two of the murders had been committed to make way for the third.

Three cakes of Castile soap, in block form, were found on the floor of the bedroom where Ronnie and her mother had died. The soap, a quick checkup revealed, wasn't like any in other parts of the flat. The only inference to be drawn was that the killer had dropped it.

Cosmon Cambinias, the second-floor tenant, told the dicks about the 11-o'clock scream he had heard. That was interesting. It also brought up something else: neither Cambinias nor anybody else available for questioning had heard so much as a low growl out of Touchi, the Gedeon dog, all night long. The fact that the Peke had been silent all night, then, meant that he not only knew the killer but might even have liked the character.

By nightfall, Inspector Kear was in possession of all the facts necessary to dope out the sequence of the murders. Mrs. Gedeon had eaten a blue-plate special in a neighborhood restaurant around 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon. An examination of the food in her stomach disclosed that it had been subject to digestive processes for about six hours. That meant she had been killed around 11 o'clock, which in turn checked with the time Cambinias had heard the scream. A similar yardstick was applied to the time of Byrnes' death.

Steve Butter, the fellow who had telephoned Ronnie and had drawn instead Inspector Kear, said he had dropped Ronnie at her door about 3 a.m. Steve and Ronnie had eaten a night club meal about 11 o'clock on the Saturday night in question. Ronnie's stomach had digested food for about four hours before her death, so *that* checked.

The lodger and Mrs. Gedeon, obviously enough had been slain at 11 o'clock. The killer had thereupon lain in wait for Ronnie, for four hours.

The dicks, learning from sister Ethel that Ronnie and her father had not hit it off any too well, began to get interested in Papa Gedeon. He had been seen in Corrigan's Bar and Grill—a fifteen-minute walk from the murder flat—intermittently from 8 o'clock Saturday night until closing time, 3 a.m. Sunday. As the evening in Corrigan's had worn along, the place had become more smoky and more beery, not to say louder and funnier and more crowded. It would have been entirely possible for Gedeon to have absented himself from the saloon for an hour or so and scarcely have been missed.

Kear was mildly surprised to find Gedeon at work in his shop the night of that corpse-strewn Sunday, finishing up a chair for a customer.

"Don't you have any feelings in this matter?" asked the Inspector.

Gedeon studied the man briefly. "I see you don't understand Hungarians," he said. "We don't blubber. We keep our feelings to ourselves."

Kear walked back to the cubbyhole that Gedeon now called home. The walls were plastered with nude and might-as-well-be-nude pin-ups. "Quite a hobby you have," he commented. Gedeon removed a pipe from his mouth and pointed with the stem to one particular picture. "That's the type of girl I want for my next wife," he said.

"Your next *wife!*"

"Life goes on," said Gedeon.

Kear reached into his pocket, extracted a cheap gray cloth glove, size 8, and handed it to Gedeon. "Try this on for size," he said. The glove, for the right hand, fitted Gedeon. Kear took the glove back and put it in his pocket.

"What goes on here?" asked Gedeon.

"We picked that glove up in the bedroom where your wife and daughter were found," said Kear. "There was no mate to it."

Gedeon's eyes sparkled. "Just because that glove fits me don't make me the murderer!"

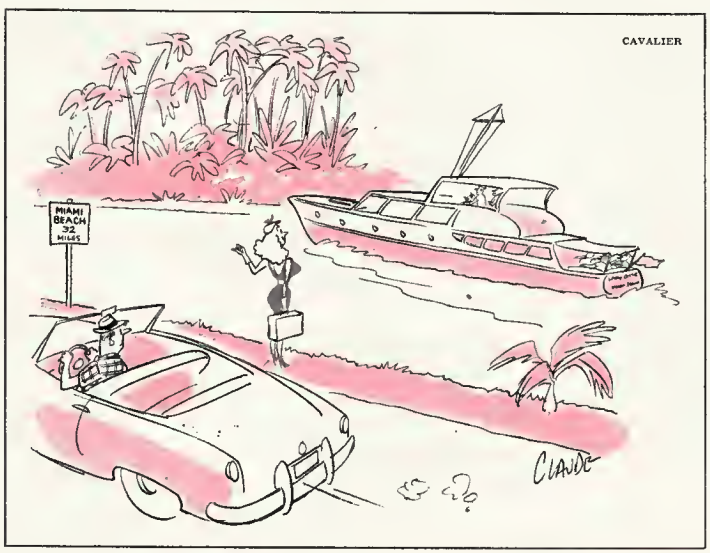
"Nobody said it did." . . .

The murder flat was still populated with assorted investigators late on Sunday night. The apartment was a gritty monument to bad housekeeping. Mrs. Gedeon had been a staunch advocate of the once-over-lightly technique in dusting. The result was that dust outlined objects that weren't frequently moved. One investigator noticed a small clean area on a bureau in the room of the girl lodger who had gone away for the weekend. The deduction was that a clock had rested on this clean area and that the girl had taken the timepiece with her.

The girl lodger, having heard about the murders on the radio, returned to the scene 24 hours ahead of schedule. She owned a Baby Ben alarm clock. She had *not* taken the clock with her, nor could she account for its absence. That meant the murderer might have taken it.

Ronnie Gedeon had kept a diary. What she hadn't known about syntax she had compensated for by selectivity in subject matter and devotion to detail. The incident about Bob Irwin, the screwball sculptor, who had been artistically rather than amorously aroused by the sight of Ronnie in the nude, had been painstakingly recorded. Dimensional and staminal intelligence about some of the town's prominent wolves was all down, in black and white, to fascinate the official readers.

Diary characters like Irwin, the sculptor, who had had no apparent personal



interest in Ronnie, were passed up in favor of men who could have had classic reasons to kill the model—jealousy, hatred, fear of blackmail, and so forth.

The fingerprint men were coming up with prints other than those of the dead trio and the live girl lodger. Also, there were not any prints—even smudged ones—on the three cakes of castile soap found on the bedroom floor. This indicated that the killer had worn gloves, and buttressed the belief that the gray glove found in the murder room was a real clue.

The Medical Examiner's office arrived at two tentative conclusions. The sharp murder instrument, whatever it was, that had been inserted in the ear and brain of Byrnes, the lodger, had been handled with skill that reflected a professional knowledge of anatomy. And the strangler must have had remarkably strong hands.

The cops wanted a murderer in the Gedeon case, and they were running true to form when they gathered suspicious facts and ignored unsuspicious ones.

Somebody had seen a man waving an ice pick walking under a street lamp near the murder building shortly before dawn on Easter morning. The man was described as short and stocky, and in his late forties. Period. It was one of those tips cops both dread and hope for.

The description fitted a character in the diary—Georges Guiret, a chef of French extraction who had once boarded with the Gedeons. Frenchy, as the man was called, now lived in a rooming house diagonally across the street. He wasn't at home when the cops called on him Monday morning. They gave his room a good toss—and came up with two blood-stained handkerchiefs.

Picked up, Frenchy said that he had been asleep at the time of the murders. He couldn't prove his statement, nor could the cops disprove it. He explained the handkerchiefs by saying he'd had a nosebleed.

Frenchy had strong hands. As a chef, he probably knew enough about animal anatomy, if not human. He was adept, in the course of his work, at strangling chickens. The cops began to shove him around a little. The guy may have been eccentric, but no dope. "It says in the papers," he said, "you found a glove size eight. I take nine. Ha!"

The detectives preferred to ignore the glove for the time being. Frenchy was taken to the murder flat so that his reactions could be studied. Touchi, the dog, was still in the place. He took one look and quickly was skidding toward the chef's ankles, barking his head off. If the glove could be ignored, the Peke couldn't. The dog hated Frenchy. Frenchy simply couldn't have been in the murder apartment long enough to commit one murder, let alone three, without the dog raising so much hell it would have been heard all over the building. . . .

Late on Monday, a detective was snooping around Gedeon's upholstery shop. "Where is your regulator needle?" he asked. "I don't see no regulator needle." A regulator needle is a long, thin steel shaft with an eye and a blunt end. It is about as essential to an upholsterer as a brace and a bit is to a carpenter.

Gedeon shrugged. "It seems to be missing," he said. "I must have mislaid it."

The detective went out and phoned Inspector Kear. "That needle could have been the murder instrument used on the roomer," said Kear.

"Yeah," agreed the dick. "And Gedeon could of picked up some information about anatomy on account of his daughter was a model."

The detective went back to Gedeon's shop. He drifted into the man's living quarters. In a little while he reappeared in the shop. "You only got one suit?" he asked.

"No," said Gedeon. "Two."

"Well, where's the other one? It's not in your clothes closet."

"I sent it out to be cleaned."

"When? Where?"

Gedeon seemed amused as he answered.

The sleuth promptly went outside and called the establishment which Gedeon named. The suit had been thrown into a chemical solution at the cleaners.

Somebody else popped up to say that Gedeon had been observed walking eastward from his upholstery shop, carrying a package, just after daylight on Easter morning.

Gedeon was taken to the murder flat. The dog began to lick his hands. "That's funny," he said. "Touchi never used to like me."

"He likes you now," said a detective with a gold badge in his pants pocket. "We're taking you in for questioning."

Papa Gedeon didn't bruise easily. Near the end of the maximum time the cops could hold him without preferring a specific charge, he looked a good deal fresher than the men who had been working on him in relays.

The cops got a break. They found a snub-nosed automatic in the room that Gedeon called home. How they had overlooked it for several days may or may not be a commentary on police work. They had the weapon now, and that was the important thing. Gedeon didn't have a gun permit, which is a serious offense in New York State. He was held on the no-permit charge, under $10,000 bail, and this gave the cops more time to move. They were still kicking the case around the Friday after the murders. Papa Gedeon's bail on the no-permit charge had been reduced and he was free again. He seemed to be getting very weary of the whole business, especially of newspaper reporters. A certain elemental question posed to him by the representative of a great tabloid, watchful guardian of the city's sex life, prompted Papa Gedeon to throw some beer in the scribe's face.

It had been Inspector Kear's experience that murderers often hang around town after doing their dirt, just to keep an eye on how things are progressing, and then light out for elsewhere. When a man thus takes it on the lam, Kear knew, he often checks some belongings in a public checkroom, preferring not to be encumbered by anything he can't run with. On the off chance that the Easter killer fell into the check-it-and-beat-it category, Gear ordered the city's big checkrooms combed with the finest.

The boys struck pay dirt in Grand Central Terminal. They singled out a small black valise which first attracted their attention because something was ticking inside. What was ticking was a Baby Ben alarm, a thirty-hour clock—and it was far from run down, indicating that whoever had checked the valise had done so within the previous twenty-four hours.

There was an assortment of men's old clothing in the valise. Included was a pair of blue-denim trousers, with a number stamped on the seat. "These pants look like they come from a state institution somewhere," said a dick.

The girl lodger in the Gedeon flat identified the Baby Ben as the clock that had been taken from her bureau. It was an old-timer, and it had been scratched and otherwise marked up, so she was sure.

The positive identification of the clock made the blue-denim pants vitally important. The pants, it quickly turned out, were from the Rockland State Hospital, an institution for the mentally unbalanced. The serial number on the seat of the pants had been that of Robert Irwin, the odd-minded sculptor who had wound up in the asylum a couple of years previously on the occasion of his attempted self-emasculation. Released, he had taken the pants with him.

If the cops do dumb things, murderers can do dumber. Irwin needed that pair of pants and a cheap alarm clock as much as he needed a hole in his head. Yet, had he not gone out of his way to fasten those clues to himself, the cops might have passed him up indefinitely.

The pieces fell into place quickly now. A sculptor usually has strong, capable hands. Sculptors use a tool which could have been the murder weapon. Sculptors know anatomy. Sculptors often carry blocks of soap around with them, to do carving in their spare moments.

Now that Irwin was in the sights, his motive emerged. He had told acquaintances that he felt like killing Mrs. Gedeon, Ronnie and the sister Ethel. Ronnie and Mama Gedeon, he felt, had queered him with Ethel, and, so long as he couldn't have Ethel, he didn't want her husband to have her. Byrnes had been killed just incidentally.

Irwin, probably getting tired of looking at his own picture in the papers, gave himself up in Chicago a couple of weeks later. He was carrying the mate to the glove found at the murder scene.

The Mad Sculptor, as some highly unoriginal reporter called Irwin, was a disappointed man. He had hoped to find his dream love, Ethel, present in the 50th Street flat the night he had gone to kill. "Four is such a nice round number," Irwin told the cops, "and Ethel would have made four."

Irwin escaped the electric chair after the expected legal circus and was given a life ticket to an asylum.

Papa Gedeon, a much-abused and quite innocent little man, asked of a news reporter why Irwin had taken that damnable alarm clock.

"He says," said the reporter, "that he wanted the clock because he never knew what time it was." •

TOUGHEST BEAST TO CATCH

Continued from page 36

Starting with the basic idea of the pit trap—as old as Africa itself—I developed the technique which I use today. These are its basic steps:

Native watchers, spread over a broad area of promising wooded country, first spot a feeding troop of gorillas. When the size of the troop has been determined and the direction of its progress charted, several score natives transporting specially woven nets are sent by a circuitous route around the troop to a position often 10 or 15 miles ahead of the feeding anthropoids. The nets, of heavy green vine, are long, strong, and stand about 20 feet high when strung across the jungle at right angles to the gorillas' path.

I then have the natives dig pits in front of this barricade. Each pit is 15 feet deep, and care must be taken to see that the sides are nearly perpendicular and without outcropping roots or other hand holds. Although a magnificent climber, the gorilla is not a jumper like the big cats, and such a pit will hold several gorillas captive, once they tumble into it. The completed pits are overlaid with light coverings of leaves, vines, and branches. Paths leading several hundred feet through the jungle from the direction of the approaching gorillas to the edges of the pits are then cleared. With proper timing this work will have been completed well before the slowly feeding apes have arrived.

Meanwhile, with a few squads of men judiciously placed at the sides to discourage diversion from the desired course, the main party of several hundred natives has started "beating" the gorillas toward the nets. This is accomplished simply by making a lot of noise—a job which delights the Africans. Though the gorilla is a tremendous and ferocious fighter when brought to bay, he will always, by preference, retire before the encroachment of man rather than try needless battle. Unlike the great carnivores, he does not attack instinctively and seek to kill from anger alone. Staying far enough behind the troop so that the noise doesn't alarm the animals unduly, the natives usually can keep the great apes steadily on the move toward the pits, without either bringing them to battle or frightening them into dispersion. A drive may require from five to nine days.

As the gorillas approach the prepared paths the beaters move closer and increase their din. Now the troop is moving at an accelerated pace, and is beginning to show signs of alarm, when it comes to several open pathways along which the going will be easier and swifter. In such circumstances several apes are almost certain to accept these paths of least resistance, especially adults with young. Even when on the move, the family units in a gorilla troop stick closely together. On repeated occasions, I have watched an adult female gorilla hurrying down one of my jungle tunnels toward the camouflaged pits with a young ape tagging behind at the end of a long arm. If such an adult mother falls into a pit it is not unusual for the baby to be dragged in with her. When that doesn't happen, there is still a good chance that the bewildered youngster will jump down into the pit of his own volition rather than be separated from the mother.

Next, there's the matter of separating the young from the adult gorillas and getting them into cages. The huge cages, prefabricated earlier from strong saplings as thick as a man's forearm, are placed over the pits and well-secured with stout vine—the cage bottoms are left out until later. The natives then climb onto the cage and lower a long bamboo pole into the cage. As the gorillas climb the pole, the natives slide the bottom saplings into place and make them fast.

First covering the cage with vegetation, we remove one of the saplings; this provides just enough space for the young gorillas to come out to feed, at which time they're grabbed and put in separate cages.

Where the babies are too young to leave their mothers and are clinging to the females, a different technique is required. I fire a .410 gauge shotgun shell filled with tear gas into the cage, which makes the mother release her young, and the baby is taken away. That night, the vines binding the cage are cut in several places to loosen a few saplings in one side. When the apes move around inside the cage, the loosened saplings fall away and the adult gorillas are liberated without harm.

The great majority of the apes manage to avoid the pits the first time; but they are turned back by the nets and thus are forced again to risk becoming captive. Others, now frightened and furious, may mill around for 15 or 20 minutes before setting off through the jungle on another course. It is a period of vast confusion and danger, and sometimes the greatest menace comes from the natives themselves. The Africans cannot retain any semblance of calm amidst such provocative excitement. Already the beaters have worked themselves up to a pretty high pitch: as the gorillas fling themselves at the nets the natives almost go mad. And at such times they will undertake ridiculous deeds of incredible rashness or stupidity.

"We don't take kindly to song rustlers out here, podner."

It was at this high pitch of the hunt that I now found myself—with the extra complication (as I learned later) that a herd of elephants had gone through and destroyed the nets; that the beaters accompanying me behind the fleeing apes had driven them right into the middle of my second party, which had dug the pits, strung the nets, and thought themselves protected!

Trying to make every shot count, I was forced to kill a number of the gorillas to save the lives of my boys. Meanwhile I sought to evaluate the situation as I pumped away, and my attention fixed upon a huge female. She raged and tore among the berserk natives like a fiend incarnate. She would have to go, I realized, and the sooner the better. A careful aim, a squeezed trigger, and the mighty anthropoid toppled to the ground stone dead.

But as she fell I saw, against her dark

body, another small shape. It was her haby, weighing only twelve pounds. The confused and frightened little ape squatted heside the body of its mother, whimpering pitifully and completely terrified. For a moment I turned to find a couple of boys I might send in to secure the baby—and when once more I faced battle in front of me, I witnessed a scene which made me as angry as any of the hattling gorillas and natives:

Seeing the helpless baby crouching by its dead mother, a young African bounded from the underbrush brandishing his 12-foot spear. Racing at top speed past the little ape, the native drove the blade of the spear and half the shaft clear through the tiny gorilla! Actually, of course, it was a demonstration of the fact that the natives go completely wild and out of control in the superheated final moments of the hunt. There was no need whatever to hurt the little gorilla; every reason for trying to capture it alive.

I was furious. I threw down my gun, pulled out my knife and cut the spear in half. Then I drew it out of the tiny ape and pulled a clean handkerchief through the wound to staunch the flow of blood.

The little gorilla thus saved. incidentally, is now a star attraction in the St. Louis zoo; he has been named Li'l Phil in my honor.

That hunt—my most exciting—resulted in four natives killed; 20 seriously injured; and only one gorilla trapped in the pits. But getting a gorilla in a pit, transferring it to a transport cage, and finally getting it back to the coast is a long job which must be carried out under conditions of constant danger. Actually, the drive which resulted in the capture of Li'l Phil was only the beginning of a trail of excruciating pain and near death for me.

My main camp was in the bush, almost on the equator, near the tiny settlement of Odzala.

The camp was about 500 miles from Brazzaville, to the south, and Livreville, to the west—the nearest points of any civilization. Overall, the hunting had been good. Satisfied with the bag, I decided to prepare for the trek down-river the next day.

It was a tough hunt! •

BRED FOR FURY

Continued from page 47

usually a small table with the weighing-in scales, and a clipboard or desk for the correspondents of the national gamefowl journals.

Heeling, the skill of applying the steel gaffs, is a very important step in preparing the feathered warrior for battle. The cock's natural spurs, which in game fowl grow to be an extremely nasty weapon, are sawed off close a day or two before a fight, leaving a round, harmless stump.

In the Caribbean and South American pits the birds are customarily fought with bare heels or single "slashers," but in this country, in formal pittings, the steel is nearly universal.

If an owner wants to learn about his bird's method of fighting, he may spar him against another cock, both of them wearing "muffs," boxing-glovelike gadgets which fit over the spurs and prevent serious damage.

The gaffs may be kept in vest-pocket kits, containing several pairs of gaffs, a small hacksaw for trimming the spurs, shears, tie strings, tire tape and packing. The gaff (or gaffle as it was originally called) is a curved steel needle, round in cross section, one to three inches long in this country, forged as one piece with a cylindrical section which fits over the stub of the spur. This open cylinder sits on a rectangular base that is fastened onto a leather strap which, in turn, is secured around the leg with a thong.

The slim, curved needle is nearly universal in this country, but a myriad of single and double-edged blades and combinations of blades up to three inches long are used in Asia and elsewhere.

Two points about game fowl are difficult to get across to the uninformed. The first is the antiquity and ubiquity of the sport. There is probably no place in this hemisphere, and few places in the world, that is more than a few hours' travel from a chicken pit.

The most important and misunderstood point about the sport is the difference between game fowl and ordinary dunghill chickens, as they are called. Anyone who has ever seen race horses, draft horses and ponies, or beef steers, milk cows and ordinary farm cattle, knows what scientific selective breeding can do over a few dozen generations. The game chicken has been bred for nothing but fighting for thousands of years.

Thus, the real reason for a fight, especially of a main, is to prove that a certain type of cross breeding, or continuation of a pure strain, is superior to another.

The breeds found in any game fancier's farm today may contain blood of Indian Madras Blues, Tuzo Japs, Cubau Doms, Irish Grays, Canadian Blacks, and the best fighting blood picked up around the world by sportsmen through the ages, and still traceable in many cases to these ancient and remote ancestors. The game chicken is such a natural fighter that he will break his bill and possibly a leg if he gets loose in a room with caged cocks, where he can peck and slash through cracks in the coops.

Probably the easiest way to get an overall picture of the background of the sport is to sketch an outline of preparing and pitting a cock in a formal derby. Most chicken men will have a cockhouse for fifty or 100 roosters, and brooding pens for a few dozen more. Stags (birds of less than a year or so) are allowed to wander free, and will seldom bother one another.

Unlike domestic fowl, they will seldom lay their eggs in a prepared nest, but prefer to hide them in the woods. They will run like a race horse if chased, will fight anything that will fight back, and will fly high, far and fast if compelled to.

Getting back to the derby pick out a meet you'd like to enter, then select the required number of promising cocks plus a few extra and put them "out on walk." This is an expensive and often heartbreaking part of the preparation, but is something that can't be sidestepped. It consists of sending each cock to some farm where he can be cock of the walk, where there will be no other roosters around. He is allowed to roam free, to forage for his food and, in general, to feel like the tough, self-sufficient, supermale that he is. He finds himself undisputed master of a harem and he has room to run and fly.

After the cocks have been on walk for a few weeks, you begin the real conditioning period. Each owner has his own, usually secret method of preparing his rooster for combat, including special foods, exercises, consulting the stars or whatever he pins his hopes on. Most trainers have a conditioning table two by five feet, average table height, covered with a material the bird can get his talons into—gunny sack for the poor man, white chamois for the rich sportsman.

The conditioner holds the bird firmly and moves him rapidly across the table, back and forth, to the right, to the left. The bird, attempting to keep his footing firm beneath him, is forced to run or sidestep swiftly, thus building up the all-important leg muscles.

Finally, after a lot of hocus-pocus and last minute preparations, the birds are brought to the pit for the big derby.

Before each fight the bettors and the just plain curious gather around the owner as he tapes the birds' legs preparatory to tying on the steel gaffs. There are whispered consultations, then the birds are weighed in, the last bets are placed, and the fight begins.

There are two white lines in the pit, back of which the birds are held by the handlers. Handling is a very tricky art, and an owner usually hires skilled men for the job.

The handlers hold the bird in any one of several ways, releasing them on the word "PIT" from the referee. Their hackles (the shawl of feathers around the neck) stand out like irate king cobras. They fly at each other, contacting sometimes as high as three feet off the ground. The action is too fast for the eye to follow, and it is nearly impossible to see anything clearly during a flurry.

The camera shows, however, that the birds are lying nearly on their backs, supported by vigorous flapping of the wings, and they can then either kick intermittently with one or the other leg, or can "shuffle"—move both legs very rapidly, making a sewing-machine action with the needle-sharp gaffs. Some fights are over in a few seconds, some last nearly three-quarters of an hour.

In no other sport is it so true that "the game isn't over until the last man is out." Just last week we saw a cock blinded in both eyes and with one leg broken, in the first few seconds of a fight. He couldn't see and he couldn't stand up. But a half hour later he killed his opponent. Gameness, of course, counted for most of it, but good handling was also very important. The handler will blow blood back down a rooster's throat or nostrils, or suck blood from a wound; will blow on a bird's feathers, will stroke him, smooth ruffled feathers, massage wounds, hold broken wings or legs in restful positions, and all with the shouted, pleading advice of heavy bettors.

To the inevitable charge of cruelty, one cocker gave us what we consider a pretty good answer. He had been talking heatedly about some fellows who had shot a couple of birds out of a tree just to prove that they were good marksmen, which he thought was needlessly cruel.

We had then gone to discussing his game fowl and he said, "Have you ever fought a tough fight of any kind and got messed up a little bit? It doesn't hurt at the time, and, if you loved to fight—were bred for it—you wouldn't mind. The next day is when it hurts. These birds are hurt in the heat of battle, but ten minutes later it's all over, one way or the other. The rest of the time they are conditioning, living the life of Reilly. I'll tell you what I do think is cruel—have you ever seen those dunghill chickens in crates at the market place? They're packed in there like sardines, shipped without sufficient food or water, and kept in that condition sometimes for months. Don't you think that is a lot more barbaric than letting a bird do what he was born to do, become a ten-minute ball of death-dealing fury?" ●

IF YOU NEED MONEY

Continued from page 31

locale. These are true rates of approximately 7 to 12 per cent a year. A loan of $100 to be repaid in 12 monthly installments generally costs from $3.50 to $6. If you have collateral, you may get a lower rate.

Department Stores and men's shops generally charge one-half to 1 per cent a month on the declining balance—rates of 6 to 12 per cent a year, or $3 to $6 a year on a debt of $100. On charge accounts there's no fee. Since stores often let these run 60 to 90 days without squawking, here's a way to get short credit free.

Industrial banks, like the Morris Plan, generally charge a "discount rate" of 4 to 7 per cent, which is a true interest rate of 8 to 14 per cent yearly on small loans. A $100 loan thus costs $4 to $7.

Installment dealers charge widely varying rates. The more scrupulous ones generally charge 1 per cent a month on the declining balance—$6 a year on a bill of $100. But in every case you need to compare the price of the article itself, as well as the credit fee. One store may charge little or no ostensible fee, but may conceal a credit charge in the price of the merchandise itself.

Manufacturers' finance companies charge true rates of about 10 to 12 per cent on new cars and appliances (stated rate is 5 to 6), and 14 to 15 on used cars. Independent finance companies, working through dealers, charge true rates of 10 to 12 on new cars, and 14 to 24 on used (some smaller ones charge more).

Licensed small-loan companies charge 1½ to 3½ per cent a month on the declining balance, depending on state laws, local rivalry, and how much you borrow (smallest loans cost most). Those are true annual rates of 18 to 42 per cent, or $9 to $21 for $100 for a year.

Another source for a loan is your insurance. If you have a policy with a cash reserve, you can borrow against it at true annual rates of 5 or 6 per cent, sometimes 4. You can also use the policy as collateral at a bank. One man with a husky insurance policy who needed a large loan found his bank would give it to him at only 2 per cent discount cost (4 per cent true annual rate). But the size of the loan, the fact he had an account at the bank and had planned to repay in large installments all helped win that low price. On small loans the insurance company may be lower, but it's always worth comparing.

One tip you can glean from the above comparison is that in these times, when big banks make small loans, you can often borrow cash to buy big items for less than a dealer's or finance company's credit charge. In fact, you can often borrow at a lower rate directly from the same bank that finances the dealer's credit sales, especially on autos and appliances which are considered good security.

Bankers themselves wonder why people go to costly lenders, when bank and credit-union rates are, by comparison, so low and widely available. An executive of a firm operating both a loan company and industrial bank told CAVALIER of his amazement at the number of men with good earnings who borrow from his loan company when his bank would have been glad to give them the same funds at a lower rate.

But a spokesman for one huge small-loan firm attributes the success of his outfit to the privacy and fast delivery it offers, and its willingness to lend to poorer risks and grant smaller loans. He says many borrowers avoid their own credit unions because they don't want their co-workers to know they're in a jam.

Banks do consider the average wage-earner (currently earning $67 a week) a satisfactory prospect. In fact, one Long Island banker reports he makes many personal loans these days to men who want to settle costlier debts to small-loan companies.

But for the man whose income is below the average wage, and for the man who wants to negotiate very tiny loans, a small-loan company may be the only source he can turn to, unless he belongs to a credit union. There was one chap who got smacked by a hunch of medical bills and had to drop behind on his furniture payments. The store garnisheed his wages, forcing him into debt in so many different places that he adopted a system of giving whatever he had to whoever knocked on the door first. Finally, he borrowed enough from a small-loan company to pay his creditors, and the company arranged his payments to be less than the total on his other debts.

You generally find that when Mr. Jones, manager of the Better Mousetrap Factory, needs $3,000 to heat the income-tax deadline, he borrows from a bank at the same low commercial rate his firm gets. When Samuel Smith, the bookkeeper at the plant wants $600 for his son's last term at college, he goes to the same bank, but is referred to the personal loan department where he pays a higher rate. And when Joe Brown, who is the

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GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1952.

[SEAL] LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY

(My commission expires April 1, 1953)

elevator man at the factory, wants a hundred for a set of new teeth he goes to the small-loan company and pays still more.

But even though they lend to the poorer risks, small-loan companies suffer surprisingly little loss. In bad debts (less than two per cent of their loans), banks lose less than one-half of 1 per cent. Lenders are amazed at how meticulously U. S. families pay their debts, even if sometimes a bit tardily.

CAVALIER'S investigation finds commercial banks do match two other claims of the small-loan companies: they lend in the same privacy, and many loans are ready the day after the request is made.

3. BORROW THE LEAST AND PAY PROMPTLY.

Too many people borrow more than they really need. They borrow an extra hundred and let it lie in their accounts earning 2 per cent interest while they pay the same bank 8 per cent on it. Obviously you can't get rich that way, although an illusion of wealth may be temporarily induced.

It's become quite the thing for savings associations to make "bankbook loans." You pledge your savings against a loan which the bank grants you at a higher rate than it pays on the money in your account.

Small interest charges have a way of snowballing into surprising sums. To take a dramatic example, one home owner with a typical 25-year $10,000 mortgage at 5 per cent ended up paying out $17,880 including the interest.

Undoubtedly many habitual borrowers could use their own resources. Contrary to popular notion, comparatively few applications for loans represent real emergencies, according to the Consumer Bankers Association.

Thus, many people who regularly buy things on installments—and who can well afford to pay cash—drain their incomes needlessly.

Another practice costing many families money is that of consolidating debts. They borrow from a bank or loan company to pay off other debtors. This is a help when creditors won't wait or when you have to unload high-rate debts. But it will save money on a new loan to arrange with creditors to make small regular payments. Frequently that will serve to hold them at bay. What really unnerves them is a deep silence.

Nothing is more costly than giving in to the temptation to postpone repayment. One small-loan executive says that it's so commonplace for families borrowing to keep delaying repayment, that when they finally settle up, they have paid $100 in interest charges—$300 to discharge a $200 debt.

How much debt can a family safely undertake? Credit experts at the National Retail Dry Goods Association say that your monthly payments on all debts shouldn't exceed more than 25 per cent of your income. The more conservative bankers think a family should try to keep it under 15 per cent. But there's no rule that fits everybody. A bachelor with nobody else's mouth to feed can probably undertake larger debts than a man with big family expenses.

4. AVOID THE SMALL EXPENSIVE DEBTS.

The smallest debts carry the highest price tag. For one thing, you generally have to resort to the small-loan companies. Most commercial banks don't lend under $60 and aren't too ecstatic about loans under $100, although they grant them as an accommodation.

Also, many states permit small-loan companies to charge a higher fee for smaller amounts. Rates vary, but in some large cities you pay 2½ or 3 per cent a month on the first $100, and 2 per cent on additional hundreds.

Similarly, small installment purchases often command a larger percentage charge, sometimes far out of proportion to the convenience of buying it on time.

For a very large loan you'd have to go to a bank. Many states permit loan companies to lend only up to $300 (in a few states, more). But banks may make installment loans up to $2,500, and in some states even more.

5. PROBE FOR THE BOOBY TRAPS IN CONTRACTS.

Many borrowers and installment buyers put their precious signatures on documents blindly.

Some installment buyers think they can just surrender the bought merchandise and free themselves from obligation. Actually, the seller can seize the merchandise, sell it for whatever it brings, and get a judgment against you for the balance.

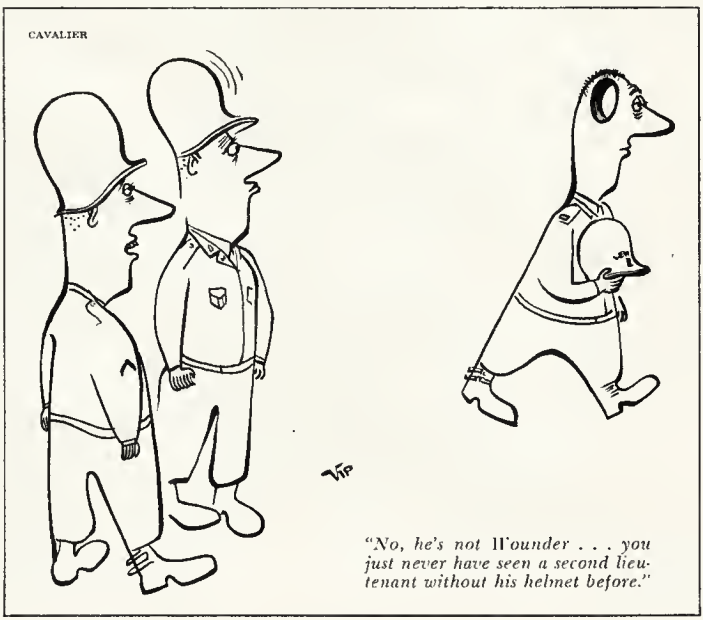
Commercial banks generally *don't* ask for chattel mortgage on personal belongings (but do accept cars as security on lower-rate auto finance loans). Small-loan companies generally *do* ask for a chattel mortgage, but the more reputable ones rarely use it to seize a delinquent's goods. It's there as a kind of reminder. At one time some companies used the chattel mortgage as an effective persuader. A big red truck drove up and the neighbors couldn't help knowing the unhappy family's furniture was about to be dragged out. But many lenders have dropped such tactics in recent years.

Any man should think twice about signing a document containing a wage assignment giving the seller the right to attach your wages if you don't meet payments. Several credit jewelers, who recently led wage-earners into unknowingly signing wage assignments, brought grief to thousands of New York families.

These firms had salesmen canvassing factories and other places of work. A wage-earner would be shown a watch with a big price tag and be urged to take it home for his wife's consideration. He was asked merely to sign a "receipt." But the "receipts" actually were sales contracts containing a wage assignment. In fact, many were in blank so the sums to be collected might be filled in later. One Brooklyn credit firm filed more than 8,000 copies of such assignments with county clerks before the State Attorney General caught up with it last year.

In any installment transaction, you ought to seek safeguards. A new law in Ohio sets up several protective regulations. The seller has to give the customer a statement showing the cash price of the article, the down payment, the unpaid balance, the cost of insurance, if any, the finance charge, the size of the installment payments, and when they are due.

If your state doesn't offer you any special protection, and if you need money . . . borrower, be on guard. •



"No, he's not Wounder . . . you just never have seen a second lieutenant without his helmet before."

MURDER ON THE MOVE

Continued from page 11

there like a big silent swimming pool, was a square sump. It had been dug deep into the tan earth. Its oily surface was smooth and flat and as black as a phonograph record. To go around it would take precious time. But across one corner was laid a heavy plank, and it led to a path that threaded past the machinery which was pumping black slime into the sump.

Pat ran to the plank and he was halfway across before it broke in the middle.

He dropped nearly six feet, shoes first, into the black pool. The surface was so thick he scarcely made a splash.

He sank to his nose before his feet found bottom. The cold shock of the slime drove deep into his marrow. He gasped and sucked in a mouthful of sulphur-tasting jelly. He coughed and then he forced himself to swallow the stuff and forget about breathing because the Inspector and the other two cops were running along the sump's opposite bank.

Holding his breath. Pat stepped sideways, found higher ground and got his nose and mouth out of the sludge. He found that his face was partly hidden from the Inspector by the broken plank. He permitted himself one slow, deep breath. From the tail of his eye he watched the Inspector. The Inspector's eyes swept over the shiny black surface several times. And when they were focused directly on the broken plank, Pat knew that the Inspector had discovered him.

Half-swimming, half-wading, Pat splashed his way through the sludge to the sump's hard-packed earth side. It sloped steeply. He jumped upon it and made a greasy slide back into the pool. A few feet away, rain water had cut a ragged gully into the bank. He scrambled over to it and his strong fingers clawed at the earth as he drew himself up.

"Stop, Packard!" warned the Inspector.

Pat spat out a mouthful of sludge. "Go to hell!"

He got to the top of the bank and was running before the Inspector fired. Closer this time, the explosion was loud and harsh and his right foot stung and vibrated from a sudden impact. A small block of oily rubber bounced across the path in front of him. Vaguely, as he ran unevenly past it, he realized it was the right heel of his shoe and it had been knocked off by the Inspector's bullet.

Pat kept going, but it was like running in an insane dream. Frantically, his muscles kept pumping, but he didn't seem to be going anywhere. Soaked with sludge, his overalls and denim shirt weighed at least twenty dragging pounds.

He kept going until he came to the high framework of an abandoned oil refinery and cracking plant. It was a steel jungle of intertwining pipes, of ladders, barrels, tanks, big-wheeled valves and boilers. Looking back, he saw the Inspector and the two other cops scrambling over the fence. Pat turned and squeezed through a network of rubber hoses that hung down over one section of the refinery. He took a few more lumbering steps and then ran into a solid steel wall. Nearby was an aluminum-painted ladder. He climbed it, but two dozen rungs were enough for the cold dead muscles of his legs. Gasping, he left it halfway up to stumble along a sludge-spattered catwalk.

He climbed another ladder, a shorter one this time, and then stopped, gasping and blinking. Because there were no more ladders and no more catwalks. Up here, 60 feet above the ground, the refinery was being dismantled. With a chain around its middle, a fat section of pipe two feet in diameter hung from a derrick nearby.

Pat went over to the long pipe from which the section had been taken. He saw that the pipe angled directly down from the top of the refinery and went across a nearby dirt knoll. Where it ended he didn't know. He looked into its black depths and a strong breeze blew up at him. Hearing voices, he turned and glanced at the plant's lower level. The Inspector was working his way through the tangle of hoses.

Feet first, Pat slipped into the wide, shadowy interior of the pipe. He lowered himself until only his fingers, clenching the rim, were outside. The cool breeze blew up his sludge-soaked pants leg. That meant the pipe must be open at the other end. His first thought was to hide in the pipe. But, sooner or later, the Inspector or one of his boys would come up the ladder and start looking around.

"What the hell!" he told himself. "Even if I don't know where I'll wind up, it'll be better than hanging here waiting for them to come up and get me!"

He unhooked his stiff, greasy fingers from the pipe's steel rim. Very slowly, he began to slide. The noise of his heavy breathing echoed metallically along the length of the pipe.

He began to pick up speed, his oily clothes lubricating his slide. Soon he was moving faster than he wanted. The slope became steeper. He tried to use his shoes as brakes against the pipe's sides, but the leather was too sludge-slick and he continued to gain speed. His clothes became warm from the friction; he wondered if they would catch fire. He wondered what he would find at the pipe's end. A small opening—too tiny to squeeze through?

In front of his eyes, the circle of blue sky where he'd entered got smaller and smaller. The pipe lengthened out, growing darker. He went around a sharp, belly-squeezing turn and then dropped even faster.

Another turn into total blackness.

His elbows and knees were blistered from the friction. Sweat flooded from every pore. And still he slid.

Then abruptly, he burst into sunlight that crashed brightly against his eyeballs. Legs and arms tangled, he dropped half a dozen feet through space. He hit something dark. Sank into it. And came up sputtering and coughing.

Another sludge sump. But he didn't mind. This time he didn't mind at all. He was almost grinning as he scrambled up the dirt bank. He was cold again, dripping like a dirty sink rag—but, dammit, he was out of the pipe.

At the top of the bank, he stopped and looked around. The refinery was more than a hundred yards away. All he could see of it was just the tops of a few of the highest projecting pipes. The rest were hidden by the small bald hill. That meant the Inspector wouldn't be able to spot him—not for a while, anyway.

Pat walked down a dry brown gulch. He passed through another section of oil derricks. He moved slowly. He crossed Lewis St. and then Lemon. There were houses on this slope of Signal Hill, nearly as many houses as oil wells. It occurred to him suddenly that Bimmel and Kowski had rented a house around here and were batching together.

He went down an alley between the two streets, examining the houses on both sides until he found the right one. For several minutes, he watched it. No one seemed to be walking around inside, which was logical, since Bimmel and Kowski were still at the moving job.

Trying to look as if he belonged there, Pat went through the gate and walked over to one of the house's cellar windows. It was held shut by a bent nail. Giving the nail a twist, he pushed on the pane and the window swung inward on slightly protesting hinges. He eased himself through. He walked across the floor to a wall on which hung some old clothes and then he began to breath easier.

Pat sat down on a pile of wrinkled magazines. He leaned back against the cellar wall and went over everything that had happened.

Those cribbing blocks had sure been sawed by an expert. That meant one of the guys on the job was responsible—either Kowski or Bimmel, who'd been there when it happened. Or another partner, Camington, who'd been suspiciously absent. After all, Camington was an ex-convict, and you couldn't overlook that.

Yet it was almost impossible to believe that one of his friends, one of his partners, had planned such a thing.

They'd all been so damned successful. Only last year they'd pooled their savings and know-how and formed their own company. *Associated Movers*, they called themselves. They'd started on less than a shoestring, bought a truck and just enough timbers, dollies and jacks to handle one job at a time. In two days, they could prop up the average house and move it two miles—and they got five hundred dollars for such a job.

One of the guys wanted to kill me, he thought. But why?

He wondered what was happening at the job. By now, the cops probably had

radio and newspaper bulletins out for him. In that case the cellar was the safest place for him to stay, until dark at least.

The morning passed slowly. Pat took off his oil-smeared clothes and shoes and traded them for some of Bimmel's old clothes that hung on one of the books. He put on an old pair of Kowski's tennis shoes which pinched his toes, and then he went over to the cellar's laundry tubs and scrubbed the oil off his face and hands with some strong soap.

About five o'clock, he went up the cellar steps and opened the door that led to the kitchen. He let it remain slightly ajar and sat nearby on the top step. It was about time for Kowski and Bimmel to come home for a quick supper so they could handle that tank-moving job later tonight. It wasn't safe here anymore.

Fifteen minutes later he was in the drugstore having a sandwich. When he finished, he phoned Diane.

"Good gracious, Pat!" she exclaimed. "Are you all right?"

"Sure, honey," he drawled, enjoying the pleasant sound of her voice. "And I want to talk to you. Noticed cops or anybody watchin' your place?"

"N-no—but I didn't think to look. I've been so worried about you, Pat."

"I'll come over, anyway," he said. "I want you to tell me everything that happened after I ran off the job this mornin'. Maybe we can figure out who cut those blocks."

"I hope so, Pat," she said. "I'll be waiting."

They hung up. As Pat left the house, he thought about the way Diane had looked this morning. He didn't know her too well yet, although she'd been working as office manager for quite a while and doing a good job. She'd also put in dough for a sixth share in the company. Haggerty had made time with her a lot faster because Pat had been catching more night jobs. So far he'd had only one date with her. He remembered the way she'd kissed him when they said goodnight. He'd asked her for another date the next day, and that was when Haggerty had gotten sore. They'd had that brawl. Now Haggerty was dead. He hadn't been such a bad guy. He'd been a hell of a hard worker.

Keeping his eyes and ears open, ready to fight if anyone should approach him suspiciously, he took a bus and then walked the last four blocks to Diane's small apartment building.

For a full half-hour, he stood on the dark corner and watched the ivy-trellised entrance to the building. Satisfied that the place wasn't being watched, he walked up quickly to the third floor and knocked at Diane's door.

It swung back. The first thing he noticed was that she'd changed clothes. She wore a strapless dress of a clinging metallic gold material that emphasized her bare shoulders.

"Pat!" she exclaimed. "You've had us all worried sick!"

"Luck runs in my family," he said with a hint of irony.

He made sure the door was locked, then walked over to a long, low divan, sat down and put his feet up on a hassock. The cushions felt good.

"You look tired," said Diane. "I think I've got just what you need." In a few moments, she returned with two tall bourbons and soda.

"Thanks," said Pat, gratefully.

He took a long pull at the bourbon and then leaned back. Diane sat down on the divan beside him, sipping at her drink. He had trouble keeping his eyes off her dress.

He said, "What happened after I beat it? What was it the cops called the Inspector over to look at?"

"A flashlight," said Diane. "A chrome one about the size of a fountain pen. They're checking it for fingerprints."

"Hell," said Pat, "I can tell you whose they'll find. Mine. I lost it last night. Now they've got more proof I was there."

"There's something else I want to tell you," Diane said. "I talked to Camington at the office this afternoon and he said he's got something important to tell you about those cut cribbing blocks."

"Really?" Pat felt a flicker of excitement. "Any idea what?"

Diane shook her head. "He seemed to think it was real important." She set down her glass. When she spoke again her voice was soft and quiet. "I hope he's right, Pat. I don't know what I'd do if they send you to jail."

"You've been swell," he said. He reached out and took her hand. Her palm was warm and smooth.

"You know," he said, "that's a hell of a dress you've got on. You've got me so I don't know where to look."

Diane laughed. "Why do you think I put it on?"

"Why, you little devil!" He clasped her hand tightly and pulled her across the divan. She resisted for a moment; then she came to him. He kissed her hard, feeling the contrast between the softness of her lips and the smooth hardness of her teeth. She put her arms around his neck, and he could feel the tight roundness of her breasts against him.

He kissed her again, moving his mouth gently on hers. He ran his hand across the smooth skin of her back, up across her shoulder and down to the side of her dress. He tugged at the gold cloth and the dress slid down slightly, revealing part of her white nylon bra. Diane sighed and rubbed her cheek against his. He tugged again at the dress and it slid down further over the bra. Then she wrenched herself free. He tried to catch her, but she jumped off the divan and ran to the door that led to the bedroom.

She stood in the doorway and then slowly, her large brown eyes dancing, she lowered the other side of her dress. He got up from the divan and started toward her. She darted into the bedroom and closed the door.

"Patience, Pat," she teased softly from the other side.

He didn't feel like being patient. He strode across the room, picked up his glass and finished the bourbon. Then he walked over to the fireplace mantel and abstractly studied the family portraits standing there. Behind one of the pictures lay a white envelope that carried

"You're a go-getter, Davis. I'm going to let you have that $10 raise."

the *Associated Movers* letterhead. It was open and some of its contents had spilled halfway out. Typed on one of the sheets, the figure $2,217 and the word "church" caught his eye. He picked the sheet up and read it. It was a contract for the moving of a church.

Swiftly he read the dozen other sheets in the envelope. It took only a moment to see what they were. Contracts. All kinds of them. Signed and in order. Moving jobs. Two dozen houses!

Pat turned away from the mantel. He started toward the bedroom. At the same instant, from the corner of his eye, he saw movement in the kitchen. A black object poked out at him past the door jamb. It was a gun and the dark hole which was its muzzle stared at him like a dirty eye.

Pat couldn't see who was holding the gun. But one thought burned across his brain: *Police!* At the same time, he ducked and grabbed a heavy crystal ashtray off an end-table. Without aiming, without thinking, he threw it. It arched through the air, gleamed glassily, knocked against the gun's barrel and broke.

Any other time he would have been surprised at such one-shot accuracy, but there wasn't time now. He wheeled around, crossed the rug with two long jumps and twisted the brass knob on the front door. It was worn and the free play in the latch cost him precious time.

Before the door was opened an inch, the gun clapped at him explosively. He didn't know which way to dodge. Something rang metallically beside his right ear. As he catapulted himself through the door, he caught a glimpse of a copper flower box that hung on the nearby wall. Water was spouting confidently through a small bullet hole in its center.

Pat ran down the hall. He took the stairs in long plunges, expecting any moment to jump into the arms of more police coming up. He ran to the corner, turned and sprinted down a dim side street. Kowski's tennis shoes, at least two sizes too small, cramped his feet, making his gait awkward.

He wondered why he wasn't being followed. Gradually, he understood. It wasn't a cop up there in Diane's apartment. A cop would have showed himself. And before opening fire, a cop would've hollered something like, "Halt or I'll shoot!" And you could bet your last dime that a cop would have chased him.

Pat wiped the sweat off his forehead. Slowly, he moved down the street, his hands deep in the pockets of the khaki trousers. Why? he kept asking himself. Why does one of my partners want me dead? And who's the guilty one? Is it Kowski with his round, beer-red cheeks? Willie Kowski, not a very bright guy—but smart enough to judge the weight of a house down to the pound. . . . Is it Morry Bimmel? Morry Bimmel who only works weekends and evenings because he's under contract for a few more months as foreman of that construction company. Both Kowski and Bimmel were there when Haggerty was killed. . . . Or is it Bob Camington, the biggest, brawniest guy in the outfit, the ex-convict who can squash beer bottle caps with two fingers? The guy who wasn't around when Haggerty was crushed. . . .

Pat shook his head. Nothing made sense. He was tired, plain tired. He wondered what Camington wanted to tell him about the sabotaged cribbing blocks. Maybe it's a trap, he thought. Maybe Camington wants to lure me out into the open where the cops can nab me. But he knew that no matter how much the risk, he would have to talk to the ex-convict.

Pat glanced at his heavy wrist watch. Nearly nine o'clock. The guys had probably just gotten started moving that big refinery tank. He was sure they would go through with the job, despite Haggerty's death. It would bring in another couple of hundred bucks. And it had been planned long in advance. Permission had been received from the city to move it at night when traffic was less.

Another bus ride and an hour later, Pat was standing in the shadows under some fragrant pepper trees on the north side of Long Beach. He watched the company's big red, eleven-ton truck—its gears growling—pulling the oil tank along at a careful four miles an hour.

The thirty-ton storage tank was round and fat. The rivet heads in its aluminum-painted surfaces were as big and round as dollars. The tank's top was at least 35 feet above the street's black pavement. It was riding behind the truck on a tremendous tricycle-type carriage the men had fashioned out of Douglas fir timbers, steel chains and rubber-tired dollies. Two of the dollies supported the tank's rear, where red warning lanterns were hung. A third dolly supported the tank's forward section and, like a tricycle's front wheel, it was used to steer the rig around corners.

For a quiet minute, Pat watched. He saw that Camington and Kowski were perched on the top of the tank where they could lift aside low-hanging light and phone wires. Bimmel was driving.

Pat sucked in his breath. It might be a trap. It might not. There was only one way to find out.

Leaving the shelter of the trees, he walked over to the side of the tank. He caught the tattered rope ladder which hung down its aluminum-painted flank and climbed rapidly to the top.

Kowski saw him first. His round, red cheeks became tense and he opened his mouth, looking ready to holler all the way to downtown police headquarters.

"Hold it!" said Pat. "I didn't kill Haggerty! Give me a chance!"

Kowski glared at him. "W-well!" he sputtered. "I don't know—"

Another voice cut in bluntly. Camington's. "Leave him alone, Kowski! Pat didn't do it!"

"Thanks, Cam!" said Pat. He climbed another rung up the hemp ladder. "I understand you've got a word or two for me about those cribbin' blocks. . ."

"Yeah," said Camington. He was sitting on the far side of the tank. Kowski was on the side closer to Pat. Together they lifted two black-coated wires so the tank could pass under them safely.

"I worked all day getting this tank ready," explained Camington. "Some of my tools were over at the house we were moving. So this morning, before starting work, I went over there. I got to the house around seven."

Pat nodded. He wished Camington would hurry the story, but he knew the big, methodical man would take his time.

"When I walked up I heard this saw cutting away," added Camington. "And you know who was working at the crib under your hydraulic, Pat?"

"No idea," said Pat.

Camington shook his head as if he couldn't understand it. "Haggerty. It was Haggerty with a small saw!"

"Haggerty!" said Pat. "That's impossible!" But at the same time his spinning brain came up with an answer. Why not? Haggerty could've had some reason for wanting me killed! When I asked him to take over the jack, he couldn't refuse because that would have made him look suspicious. He knew he could escape as soon as the house started to tip—but he had tripped on the cribbing block.

Kowski was fighting for the right words. "Well, I'll be damned! Haggerty got caught in his own trap!" He rubbed the wiry blond stubble on his round jaw. "I'm sure sorry, Pat. I told the cops it was you. . ."

"That's okay," said Pat. He suddenly felt lightheaded, as if the weight of a couple of planets had been lifted from his shoulders.

Camington continued to talk. "Haggerty didn't know I saw him. After I got my tool box I went over and talked to him, but by then he was finished. I never give it a thought, what he'd been doing, figured it was just part of the job."

"But good lord, man!" said Pat. "Why didn't you get me off the hook sooner? Why didn't you tell the cops?"

Camington's eyes glowed darkly in his big face. "The cops!" he replied bitterly. "Them and guards! I hate 'em! All that time I sat up there at Quentin I told myself I'd never talk to another one as long as I live!" Camington spat over the side of the tank. "Anyway, Pat, I was busy on this tank job and didn't find out they were looking for you till late this afternoon. Besides—"

The big man stopped speaking. He grunted. Before them, considerably lower than the tank's rounded top, stretched two trolley wires, copper strands that gleamed brightly in the light from the intersection's street lamps.

"Slow her down, Morry!" Camington called to the truck driver.

Transmission gears muttered as the truck slowed to a crawl. Reaching out, Camington's large hands hooked around the wires and lifted. After a moment, Pat felt the truck stop and looked down as Morry Bimmel's tall, lanky figure stepped from the red cab.

Bimmel stood in the street, looking up at the wires, studying them. "They're sure low!" he hollered up to the men on the tank. He didn't pay any attention to Pat.

Pat watched Kowski move over and

begin to reach for the nearest trolley wire. And then a movement of Bimmel's attracted his eye. He was trying to conceal something—a taut white string. Bimmel was tugging on it! Pat heard a rasping sound and saw a loop of three-eighths-inch chain begin to slide off the front dolly under the tank.

Pat knew immediately what was going to happen.

"Look out!" he yelled. "Kowski! Cam! Jump!"

After that, everything happened at once, blurring together crazily. He saw Kowski turn and glance curiously down at Bimmel. Pat threw his right hand at the square bib of Kowski's blue overalls. Like a file, the rough cloth scraped his fingertips as he yanked Kowski off balance. He wished that he had a long enough arm to reach out those eight feet and grab Camington, too.

"You, crazy?" hollered Kowski. He started to fall from the tank.

Pat let go. He dropped ten feet straight down, trying to slow his fall by snatching at the ladder's rope rungs. Each time he snagged one he was sure his arm would leave its socket. By the time he dropped the whole thirty-five feet he was traveling with express-elevator speed. The pavement gave his tennis shoes a pile-driver blow. His knees folded and he sprawled against the asphalt.

He heard a terrifying, animal-like shriek that died abruptly in the throat that had produced it.

Twisting about the pavement, he looked up.

Big paws still curled around the bare trolley wires, Camington was lying flat across the top of the tank. His body was as straight and stiff as a steel rail.

There was the sickening crackle of thousands of volts of electricity. Jagged blades of blue fire writhed along the wires, dancing across Camington's big frame and across the tank's metal top. Pat tore his gaze from Camington and looked at the pavement. Kowski was lying a few paces away, one leg twisted under him like a broken post.

Pat got up. He leaned over Kowski, who was groaning softly.

"Take it easy, fella! You'll—" Pat bit off the words.

Because above the snapping of the electricity, he heard the sound of a motor whining in second. A car was racing down the street about 50 yards away. The same car that had been following the tank a few minutes before. The roar of the motor increased, and Pat realized numbly that the thick, curved strip of chrome bumper was being aimed at Kowski and himself like a battering ram.

He felt no fear. He didn't feel anything. The emotions of the last few seconds had washed everything from his brain. Grabbing Kowski's thick shoulders, Pat swore. The guy was heavy as a prize pig.

Pat yelled. "Good lord, Kowski! Help a little!"

With his good leg, Kowski pushed against the pavement. The car's bumper gleamed brilliantly not 15 feet away.

Along Pat's lean back the muscles reared up against the tight-fitting blue T-shirt. He dug his heels into the little gutter of the trolley tracks and lunged backward. The car's big tires crunched past, the white sidewalls almost brushing against the rubber soles of Kowski's shoes.

Too late the driver applied the brakes. The car—Pat saw now that it was a long, green sedan—went into a smoking skid. Its chrome grill flew to pieces against one of the heavy timbers above the wheeled dolly. Its hood flapped off like a startled bird, clanged against the oil storage tank and tumbled back awkwardly across the engine.

Raising his hands from Kowski's shoulders, Pat looked around. Not far away, Morry Bimmel was standing, gaping at the wrecked sedan with uncertain eyes.

Pat began to run because Bimmel was the one! Bimmel knew that the men could handle the bare wires safely as long as the tank was insulated by the rubber-tired dollies. So, deliberately, he'd arranged that chain and string. A tug at the right time and the chain dropped to the pavement, grounding the metal tank, forcing the burning electricity through Camington's body.

Morry Bimmel broke into an unsteady trot. He saw that Pat's speed was greater. He stopped and his hand went to the cloth loop at his hip which held a claw hammer.

"Get away!" He raised the hammer.

Pat answered by slamming a fist into the soft flesh of Bimmel's throat. The hammer came down, aimed at Pat's curly brown head, but he stepped aside and the force of it went into his shoulder. It was a hard blow. Pat scarcely felt it. All he knew was his anger. He knocked the hammer from Bimmel's fingers. For his targets, he picked Bimmel's narrow pointed jaw and small blue eyes. He slammed his fists at them and the shock of Bimmel's bones against his knuckles felt good. Bimmel was hitting back, hitting hard, but Pat brushed the blows aside like annoying branches.

Again and again, he drove his fists into Bimmel's face. His knuckles were covered with red smears—he didn't know whether it was his own blood or Bimmel's. He swung until his arms were tired. He swung until Bimmel was lying twisted and unmoving on the asphalt.

Then, fists hanging and throbbing at his sides, Pat turned around. He heard somebody screaming. Looking up at the top of the oil tank, he knew it wasn't Camington. The big man's body was lying there straight and silent, the hands still clenching the bright copper wire.

But the wire was broken. The electric fire had burned through it. And one strand had fallen down across the green metal roof of the wrecked sedan. It was whipping back and forth, performing a sizzling snake dance, and the blue and orange sparks were blistering the roof's paint. The screams were coming from inside the sedan.

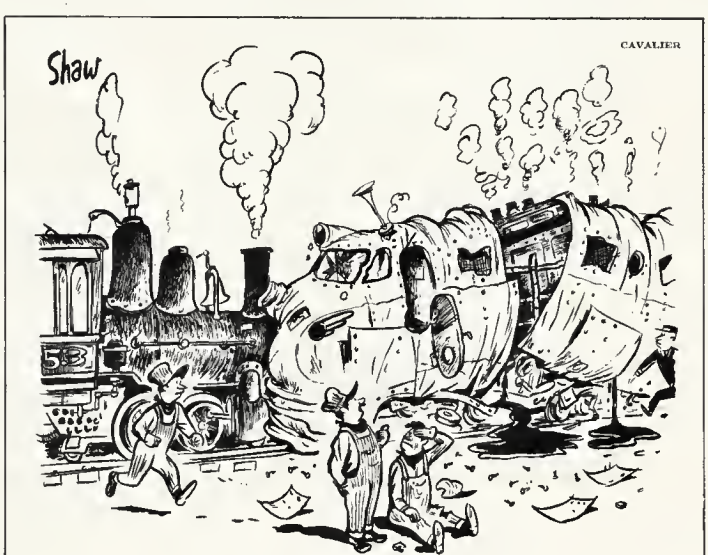
A small crowd of excited passers-by was beginning to collect around the oil tank and the sedan. Carefully Pat walked around the sedan to the driver's window.

Half-hysterical, her slim fingers clenching the plastic steering wheel, Diane was sitting in there.

"Pat!" she screamed. Her eyes—huge and round—pleaded with him. "On the roof! Take it off!"

He clamped his teeth together and felt the muscle hump along his jaw. He looked at her and hoped that maybe he was mistaken, that maybe she hadn't tried to run him down. Tears put glistening wet streaks on her face.

Pat hesitated. He glanced up at the



"They just don't build 'em like they used to!"

angry wire, studying it very carefully.

Diane stared at him wildly. "All right!" she screamed. "If that's what you want—I'll confess! I was in on it! I helped Morry Bimmel—but I didn't kill anybody!" She pounded her small fist against the steering wheel. "Take that wire off! Take it off!"

Pat stared back quietly, almost calmly. "Keep away from the metal parts!" he warned through tight teeth. "Or you'll fry yourself!"

She pulled her long legs up frantically from the floor and curled up on the cushion, still wailing at him. He hadn't tried to draw the confession from her—but now he realized how it would help him. And for the first time he saw her clearly for what she was. A schemer. A smart office manager, but a smarter crook. He'd been a fool to trust her.

"Back at your apartment," he said, "it was Bimmel that took the shot at me, wasn't it?"

She nodded quickly. New fear shone in her eyes as the hot wire slapped harder against the roof.

"Why did you tell me the truth back there?" he demanded. "About Camington and the cribbin' blocks?"

She talked breathlessly, running the words together, trying to rush the process which would free her. "Morry Bimmel was late getting to my place! I had to stall and tell you the first things that came to my mind. I didn't want to make up any lies because I was afraid you'd get suspicious!"

Pat noted that Kowski—sitting nearby, holding his broken leg—was listening. Kowski had seen Bimmel drop the chain. And now, in addition, he was a witness to Diane's words. So was the wide-eyed crowd standing nearby.

Pat stepped closer to the tank and removed one of the long two-by-fours that had been used to wedge the tank in place. The girl babbled on brokenly, interrupting herself to beg him to hurry.

"You made quite a team," drawled Pat. Balancing the timber in his hands, he returned to the sedan. "You and Morry Bimmel and Haggerty. Why'd you all decide to kill me?"

"The company was making so much money!" she cried. "We decided to get more of it, cut the profits three ways instead of six. . . We figured a couple of little . . . accidents . . . would scare the others into selling out cheap!"

Diane paused and frantically examined the two-by-four. "Damn you, Pat! Can't you hurry it up!"

"Relax!" he said, easily. "You're not goin' anywhere. I still don't know where all those contracts came from. . . ."

"Bimmel got them!" Her teeth worked over her round lower lip. "He got them while he was working days as foreman for that big construction company. He knew plenty of building people who wanted stuff moved. He drew up the contracts 'way in advance and saved them for when we took over completely so we'd make more on them. . . ."

"Why'd—" Pat made a stab at the wire with the timber and jumped back when it spat sparks at him. "Why'd Bimmel want to shoot me? And why'd he kill Camington?"

Diane screamed as a stream of blue sparks spilled down over the windshield. "Because! . . ." she yelled. "Because . . . the police thought you killed Haggerty! And we didn't want you nosing around. We were going to hide your body so they'd think you'd run away. . . . And we had to kill Camington because that fool Haggerty let Camington see him sawing away under the jack!"

As more sparks tumbled past the windows, she screamed again and drew herself up into a tighter ball on the seat cushion. "I paid your price!" Her voice was shrill. "I've told you everything! Why d'you keep torturing me?"

"Nobody's torturin' you," said Pat. With a last thrust of the pole, he knocked the wire off the roof. Writhing, it fell to the pavement under the tank. He twisted the chrome handle and pulled the car door open.

Diane eyed him suspiciously. Slowly, she lowered her feet to the rubber floor mat. As if walking on eggs, she eased her way through the door.

But when her feet were safely on the pavement, she broke into a run. Pat was after her, catching her slender wrist and jerking her to a halt. Once . . . twice . . . with the flat of his hand he slapped her.

With her free hand, she tugged at his T-shirt, new tears glittering on her dark lashes. "Please, Pat . . . let me go! Give me a chance!"

"No!" he said, harshly. He looked up at the top of the oil tank where Camington's body still lay straight and silent. "You and Bimmel didn't give Cam a chance. . ."

His fingers locked tighter around her wrist and he listened to the sound of a police siren drawing close. Then he hit her again. •

THE MAN WITH FOUR WIVES

Continued from page 5

questionnaire he had filled out when he applied for the job. Police looked it over and did a double take. Leroy had listed Clara, Wife No. 3, as his spouse.

After checking back with Martha Jo, who again insisted she was married to Leroy, police picked him up.

The questioning was routine enough, but for some reason known only to Leroy, he began talking. He told as many stories as he had wives.

The police, like Capt. Kelly, at first didn't believe him. One of them said, "Quit bragging kid. Just tell the truth. No man could have four wives."

But Leroy insisted, winding up charged with one count of bigamy and one of theft.

Leroy, 33, is strikingly handsome and well built. He has deep-blue eyes, sandy-colored hair that is beginning to recede in a curved V from his forehead, and a bright, friendly smile. His manners are impeccable, his conversation charming.

Before Leroy made his main occupation matrimony, he held a variety of jobs which included driving trucks, boxing in a carnival, sailing in the Merchant Marine, and serving as a dancing instructor in New York.

"I don't know if he ever taught dancing," says Martha Jo, "but he was terrific. I met him on an excursion steamer and he began dancing with me. After that I was lost. When he asked me to marry him I just couldn't say no."

Leroy descended on New Orleans in 1942 when a ship he was working on docked there.

"I liked the town and decided to stay," Leroy says. "So I went out and got a job. I never had any trouble finding work. I can drive anything with wheels and I can fix anything with a motor. I'm no stupid gink. Get that straight. I had two years of college in Baltimore.

"Hell, man, I'm no great lover. I'm just an ordinary guy. The police say I married all those girls. I don't remember marrying them. Ever since I hit my head on a brass hinge when I was a kid I've had forgetting spells."

Leroy's memory of his first two marriages, however, is unscarred by time, although he refuses to discuss them.

It was a year before his second divorce became final that Leroy started his merry jaunt.

In June, 1947, he went for a ride down the Mississippi River on the excursion boat *President*. While the boat was moving down river with moonlight beaming down, Leroy began scanning the faces of the unescorted women aboard. His eyes settled on Clara Ledet.

With self-assurance born of experience, he walked over and asked if he might dance with her. The dancing master swept her off her feet and then began spending every available moment with her. In August they were married.

In 1950 Clara became pregnant, and in early 1951 gave birth to an 11-pound son. Forty hours later, the infant died.

"It did something to me," Leroy confessed. "I saw Clara suffer with that child and I saw the agony on her face when they told her he was dead. She's the only girl I ever met that I ever really loved."

Whether Clara reciprocates is not known. But she is the only wife not to say anything against Leroy.

From this point on Leroy's memory dims, but the other wives, in their own fashion, fill in the rest of the story.

Mary Ducote, Wife No. 4, who divorced her first husband after 17 years of marriage, got to know Leroy through her 16-year-old son who had been on double dates with him. When Leroy and "Butch," as he called her, met, she was recovering from a serious illness.

"He was so considerate," she recalls. "He brought me breakfast to bed every morning and forced me to carry out my doctor's orders.

"He was a smooth talker, affectionate, oh, baby, and I married him. You know he was so goody-goody he made me pin my dress at the neck when he thought it was too low. And he made you think he cherished you. He possessed every inch of you. He was sure some lover."

Mary, whose first husband was a prominent Louisiana politician, takes things philosophically, even the loss of $2,000. "I had saved that money to give my son an education. I got the education instead."

Mary says Leroy got the money from her on the pretense of buying a tugboat. "After I gave him the money he told me he'd bought the boat. He said he kept his clothes on the boat and all he ever left at the house was one change.

"About three weeks after I married him I found out he hadn't bought the boat after all. And I was so tired of all that loving I just left him. The only reason I didn't report the theft of my money to the police was cause I didn't want the publicity."

Martha Jo, Wife No. 5, admits she still has a soft spot for the dashing Leroy, although there is some question of his feelings toward her. Like Clara, No. 3, she was a victim of moonlight, dancing, and the Mississippi River excursion boat.

"It was just before Christmas that I met him." In March they were married, she says fondly.

"We got an apartment and he was wonderful. I was sick. I have terrible asthma and my doctor told me I oughta go to Arizona. Well, Mike (they were married as Michael Braddock) said that was all right with him, although he hated to leave his job. That night a man called up and said he was president of the brewery where Mike told me he worked. He said Mike had told him we were going to Arizona and it was too bad because Mike had a bright future at the brewery and one day would be a real top boss.

"When Mike came home I told him about the call, but he said, 'We'll go to Arizona, anyway, Martha.' He wasn't going to let me suffer just because he had a chance to get ahead. Finally, though, he let me persuade him to stay. Later on I found out Mike had a friend call and say he was the boss."

About this time, Leroy became concerned over Martha Jo's bigamous circumstances, the fact that she had married him before her divorce from her first husband became final. He suggested they go to Mississippi where she could get a quickie divorce from her first husband and they could be remarried.

Martha Jo remembers, "We went to Mississippi and we had a good time, but I never got that divorce. The only thing I got was a wrist watch he gave me. Then the watch broke and he took it to get fixed. I never saw that watch again until that day at the police station. I spied it on Ernestine's arm. But I don't have any squawk. I found out he had bought it for me with her money. In fact, she told me, 'Honey, you sure lived good off me.' "

After the Mississippi trip, Martha Jo called it quits and left Leroy. But she still keeps the memory of a husband who doted attention on her and only asked, in return, that he be fed roast beef and mashed potatoes at every meal.

In any event, not long after Leroy's arrest, Martha Jo was discovered in a coma brought on by an overdose of sleeping pills. . . .

Ernestine Palmer, the last known wife of Leroy, was both like and unlike the others.

She was similar in that she was a divorcee with a small child, that Leroy wed her after a whirlwind romance, that he left no clothes at their apartment, and he insisted on roast beef and mashed potatoes for the meals he ate with her.

She is dissimilar in that she is by far the best looking of any and that she wants Leroy to pay for what he has done.

When Ernestine first confronted Leroy after he was unmasked, she cut loose with these unendearing phrases: "I'll see you cutting sugar cane," and, "I'd like to see this jail raised and you stuck under it."

Leroy met the shapely Ernestine in May at the drugstore where she is a clerk.

"He came up and asked to buy cigarettes," she says. "Then he started talking and turning those big blue eyes on me. I shooed him out of the store, but he came back. After three or four days of this I began dating him. What a line!

"On June 7th I married him. We had a real honeymoon. One night in an air-conditioned tourist camp."

After the honeymoon, Ernestine says, Leroy saw her only on schedule.

"He'd come by in the morning and drive me to work. Then he'd pick me up at four in the afternoon, when I was off, and come to the house. Then he'd hang around until midnight and say he had to go to work."

They had been married only a short time when Leroy began putting the bite on Ernestine's bank account.

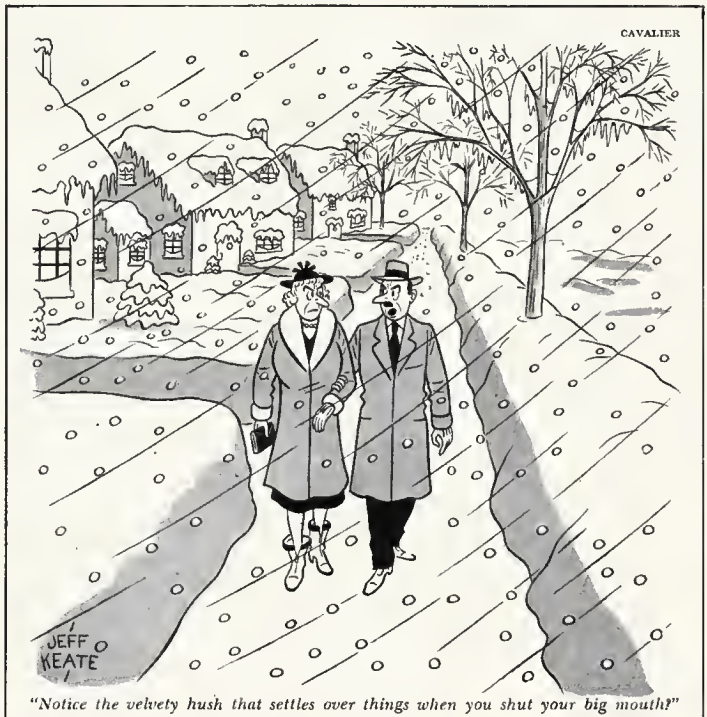
"First, it was $600, then $300, and then there was that $200 he had me wire him in Gulfport. I found out he used that for a wrist watch for Martha Jo. Poor kid, I got the watch now. At least I got that much for my money. She hasn't anything. But then he supported her and Clara on my money, so they've got no kicks.

"He got all the rest of that money, $1,100 more, the same way. If I didn't give it to him he sulked, and he was so wonderful when he was happy I couldn't stand to see him sulk.

"But now the shoe is on the other foot. I go to see him in jail just to see him beg me to drop that theft charge. And when he starts begging, I start sulking. Man, it's wonderful!"

And with all these wives' tales to refresh his memory, what does Leroy say?

"I just don't remember." ●



"Notice the velvety hush that settles over things when you shut your big mouth!"

THE FIFTH CARD

Continued from page 43

turkey-neck thinks he can raise me without getting into trouble, he's got another think coming. I give him plenty of time, and now he's got to give me plenty. I'll raise him. You can bet your last salt mackerel on that."

Big Jed raised . . . Jack raised . . . Big Jed raised . . . Jack raised. . .

On and on it went. We had enough to eat and wear. We couldn't complain. But everything above necessity disappeared into that big poker pot, and it was like that over at the Marvins, too. I heard one day that Alice had gone away to college. "She's having to work her way, poor girl," they said. They hurt me when they said that, but I couldn't let on.

For four years she was away, and I saw her just now and then during the summers—a head of blonde hair across the street, a blue dress going away from me. After she graduated she came home and went to teaching school, and now and then we'd see each other, and look somewhere else.

Meanwhile the town had split itself wide open. Families became known according to which side they were on. The Casper people sat on the left at church, the Marvin people on the right, about evenly divided. The teachers had to separate the school children the same way. Our people traded at one grocery store, the Marvin people at another. There weren't any more Democrats or Republicans—people voted for or against the Casper side or the Marvin side.

Some of the men in the town began investing in one side or the other. One of them was Chief Johnson himself, and there were those who said he had money on both sides. He didn't have to worry about the games at the Marvin fish house any more. They had ended. No fun playing now for chicken feed.

"I know the thing's illegal," the Chief said once, "but it's too big for me to handle. Only God can stop it now."

The war came and I went away in the Coast Guard. For four years I sent my allotment home for Big Jed to invest. I got to be a Chief Petty Officer, and my investment amounted to about $5,000 before I came back to Piketown to stay. I found my old man wrinkled and stooped and so grateful to me I felt like crying.

"Son," he said, "there's a big fat dividend waiting for you when I beat that old turkey-neck." I couldn't do anything but look down at my hands.

Alice was still there, a full grown, beautiful woman, all blonde and blue eyes. Now and then we'd look at each other sideways when we happened to meet, but not a word would we speak. Something like a quarter of a million dollars stood between us.

But a thing must come to an end some day. Chief Johnson had said that only God could end this thing, and the September after I got out of the Coast Guard we had one of the worst blows I've ever seen. Big Jed and old Jack were both getting on in years, but that never slowed down anybody in Piketown. They were both right there at their fish houses, working all night with everybody else to secure the boats and the gear during the big blow. Big Jed came down with a bad cold a couple of days later, but of course he wouldn't go to bed until he dropped. When he did drag himself into the big four-poster in his bedroom, I went for Doc Williams. I'd just knocked when I heard steps back of me. I looked around and saw Alice Marvin. We stood there, apart, waiting for the doctor. When he came to the door, we both spoke at once.

"My father's a very sick man, Doctor," Alice said, "and I insist that you go with me first."

"My father's sick, too, and I was here first," I argued.

"That's chivalry for you!"

"There's all kinds of times for chivalry, ma'am, and this ain't one of 'em."

The Doc decided that since Jack Marvin lived nearer his house, he'd stop by there first. Mad and uneasy, I went on home. The Doc came in about half an hour. He stayed in the bedroom a long time, it seemed to me, and he came out shaking his head. . . .

Big Jed went first, by a few minutes, and I always wondered what happened when old Jack got to the pearly gates and found his worst enemy there waiting for him. But whatever their problems up above, we had ours down below. There was only one undertaker in town, and we had a lot of talk back and forth about which body he would lay out first.

We won that round.

There was only one church and one preacher. *They* won that round.

There were only two gravediggers, but that turned out to be a draw, because one of them dug Big Jed's grave, and the other one Jack's. And the preacher said exactly the same things at both funerals, and the flowers and the crowds were about the same. Altogether, I guess we came out about even.

A few days later, Chief Johnson came to see me at the fish house. "Little Jed," he told me, "it's a mighty foolish thing, all that money tied up in a poker game that's been going on now for nigh on to eleven years."

I didn't say anything, and he looked up and asked, "What about calling it off?"

"Not interested."

"If Miss Alice says yes, what about it?"

"Let her say yes, then come talk to me."

A couple of hours later he came back and said, "She says yes."

The next day we met in Lawyer Davis' office—Alice, Chief Johnson, Frank Allen, Al Day, John O'Hare, the lawyer and me. Outside, in the square, there was a crowd of people looking up at the second floor, waiting to see who had won. The word had got around.

On his desk Lawyer Davis had a shoebox full of paper and money, and beside it the two hands, still sealed. It was awful quiet in the room, and the lawyer coughed before he began speaking.

"Might as well start, I reckon," he said. "Miss Alice and Little Jed, do you, in the presence of each other and of these witnesss, agree that the betting is now over and that you will abide by the verdict of chance, as expressed in the cards here before us?"

We both nodded. "I never meant to do anything else, when the Chief said Alice had asked me to," I said.

"I never asked you to," she said, cool and haughty.

"Now, folks, take it easy," said Chief Johnson, talking fast.

"I might have known," I said.

"Oh, Jed, please," Alice said, and her voice was so soft I looked at her, surprised. But she changed expression from tender to angry so quick I wondered if my eyes and ears hadn't played a trick on me. "Let's proceed," she snapped.

With the lawyer giving the directions, Chief Johnson opened the two hands and put them face down on the desk, Jack's before Alice, Big Jed's before me.

"In memory of those fine old gentlemen and their glorious fight," said Lawyer Davis, "I want you all to turn the cards one at a time, first you, Little Jed, and then Miss Alice, in rotation. I don't think your fathers would want the game ended any other way. The last cards, I believe, will be the cards they drew."

Alice stood straight and calm, or so she seemed, and I tried to be the same. I had that awful this-is-it feeling, but somehow I managed to turn a card. The ace of hearts. I felt pretty good again.

"Now, Miss Alice, if you will," said the lawyer.

She flipped a card over. The ace of diamonds. She'd done it so easy!

They all looked at me. I turned—the king of hearts.

She turned—the king of diamonds.

The queen of hearts for me.

The queen of diamonds for her.

The jack of hearts for me.

The jack of diamonds for her.

Nobody was breathing in that musty little office. Two possible royal flushes lay before us on the table—ace to jack of diamonds for Alice, ace to jack of hearts for me.

"Turn it, Little Jed," whispered the lawyer.

I needed the ten of hearts. I thought I'd get it. But when I turned the last card I looked down on a little stranger—the deuce of spades. I sat down in a chair, hard. Looking up, I saw tears in Alice's blue eyes. She sat down, too, and she said, "Little Jed, I don't want to turn that last card."

"Turn it," I whispered.

"Let's call it off . . . split the pot."

"Turn it!" I shouted.

She reached, slow, toward that last card.

I looked out a window. I wasn't surprised to hear a gasp from the others. They'd have gasped, I thought, no matter what that last card of Alice's was. It'd be the ten of diamonds. No doubt about that. Even if it wasn't, anything would beat that deuce my old man had drawn. Well, I thought, that money couldn't go to a prettier, better woman.

"Jed," I heard Alice whisper, "look!"

"Well, I'll be damned," said the chief.

The Lawyer, Al, Frank and John said they'd be damned, too.

"Look," Alice whispered again.

I was tired and lost. She's won, I thought, but I was glad, and I knew that I'd always hoped she'd win. But I couldn't get myself to look at that last card.

I saw Lawyer Davis go to the window. "What is he up to now?" I wondered.

Smiling and rubbing his hands together, he leaned out and shouted something to the people in the square. I didn't get it for a while. Then it came to me like an echo. I'd heard him say, "It's a tie, folks. They were bluffing, both of 'em!" But still I didn't understand, until I turned around and looked at that card and stared down at the deuce of clubs.

"Everybody wins, folks," the lawyer shouted, waving his arms. "Everybody wins."

There was silence inside the room and on the square.

I kept on looking at her black deuce, taking it in. Too bad, I thought, those two stubborn old fools couldn't know how it ended. Then, gradually, I decided they'd be glad it ended this way. Everybody else seemed to decide the same thing all of a sudden.

Down in the square they let out great whoops and hollers, and in the lawyer's office they began cheering and pounding each other on the back. I heard John O'Hare laugh and slap his hands together and say, "And I threw away two pair. The damned old thieves!"

Things began to quiet down after awhile. Somebody grabbed my hand and began shaking it, and somebody had an arm around Alice's shoulder, but somehow we found a way to look at each other through the crowd of people. She didn't say anything and I didn't say anything. For the first time in a long, long time, we smiled at each other. •

SUICIDE IN THE SNOW

Continued from page 28

correctly, because the very essence of their pastime is split-second timing.

Art Devlin is one of 80-odd Class A ski jumpers in the United States, the elite who have won three or more titles. Of the 2,500 other ski jumpers in America, most of them just compete in local meets—only the top-notchers receive expenses for touring on a national scale.

It's always an exhausting round of events. Leading American competitors, like Devlin or Mezzy Barber, begin their season at Bear Mountain. In January and February, Devlin appears in divisional meets, then at the national championships in March, interspersed and followed by performances in Colorado and Canada. By April 1st, he's usually back in Lake Placid, recuperating from injuries and counting his medals.

The lads have come a long way since Mikkel Hemmestvedt of Norway first introduced ski jumping to the United States in 1887 with a sprightly flight of 37 feet at Red Wing, Minnesota. Our boys soar nonchalantly over 220 feet, and the world record is over 350 feet. Distances are not too important as records; everything depends on the slope of the hill, and all hills vary in size.

Jumpers are rated not only on the distance achieved, but on form in flight and landing. There are five judges, and only three median marks are considered. Each man is allowed two jumps. So complicated is the scoring that at many meets, thousands of spectators return home without knowing who won.

Ski jumpers in the early days were as rough as the old-time lumberjacks. Fiery-tempered Bing Andersen once murdered a clerk in Nova Scotia for not having hotel accommodations. Bing never jumped again, it's reported, except at the end of a rope.

Today's ski jumpers, mostly amateurs like the bobsledders, are much more cultured. Many, after an event, keep the bartenders busy, but all are men of iron. They have to be, because ski jumpers carry their own skis back up those hills, perhaps as many as ten times.

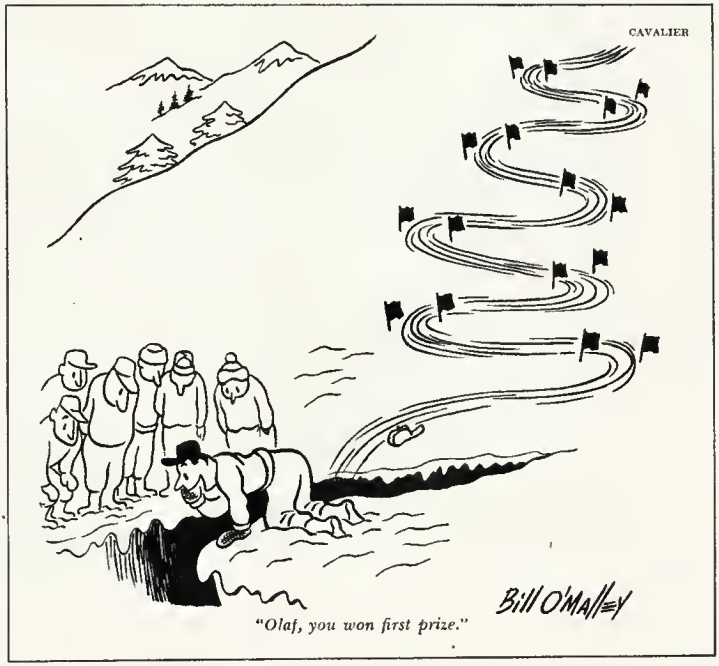
There's a rather widespread but entirely erroneous impression that all of the danger and drama in winter sports center around ski jumping and bobsledding. Equally spectacular and often much more perilous are the downhill and slalom races.

While only about 1,000 people will witness this type of event, the experts will tell you that downhill racing is the most exciting of all.

Many fatalities result from downhill racing. A West Point star was killed in Vermont a few years ago when he catapulted into a tree. In one race abroad, with the most skillful men in the world entered, 23 of the 57 contenders were carried off the course with more or less injuries.

Skiers have rushed downhill at 80 mph, and it's considered theoretically possible to attain speeds approaching the 100 mph mark. In the slalom race, as if the downhill dash weren't tricky enough, you snake in and out around flags staked at different intervals.

Winter sports in this mechanical and atomic age remain among the few which demand participation but, at the same time, invite spectator interest. Actually, the winter sports spectator is at the same time a participant, because the very na-



"Olaf, you won first prize."

ture of the sports require him to get out in the snow.

The main difference between a winter sports enthusiast and the armchair and bleacher athletes of our day is that the winter devotee, when he observes the champion of a division, eventually wants to get a crack at it himself.

Most winter resorts have comparatively safe jumps at lesser levels for ambitious newcomers. But where rarefied atmospheres and longer distances are involved, it's a genuinely hazardous business in which even the experts move with death.

"If you don't land at an angle," says Hans Strand, former national champion, "it's the equivalent of plunging out of a third- or fourth-story window and landing feet first."

There are other dangers, too.

"Losing a ski in the air is the worst," declares Strand. "I saw it happen to a fellow up in Vermont once, but he kept his head. He fellowed through, and only sprained an ankle when he landed on one leg. If he had folded up in the air, it would have been too bad."

When you're sailing anywhere from 200 feet to a world record of more than 350 feet, it's easy enough to lose your head. The slightest miscalculation and you can end up far off base. In a New York meet, Bill McGinn lost his balance, veered right, soared through the trees, landed amongst the judges and smashed into one of them. It happened to be Andy Anderson, himself an excellent jumper.

"Next time," commented McGinn to Anderson, "put on your skis—it's safer."

Of course, the high element of danger connected with competition doesn't mean that everyone engaging in winter sports should make early reservations at a hospital. You can set your own pace and at dream sites like Sun Valley, you have an almost unlimited choice of hills.

Many resorts feature "Learn-To-Ski" weeks. Sun Valley offers a package for $92 a week that includes everything from food and lodging to ski tows and lessons.

The cold facts indicate how much skiing has bloomed in the wintry air of America. On the basis of last year's figures, more than 3,000,000 people will spend over $200,000,000 this season for equipment and transportation. Up in Michigan, a quarter of a million will romp on the 34 ski developments in that state. Some 300,000 will ski in New England, and another half million will be active in western regions.

All that the embattled American winter sports devotee wants is snow.

"As far as skiers themselves are concerned," says Joe McManus, Bear Mountain official and chairman of the Metropolitan ski jumping committee, "they don't care if they ski on artificial snow—just as long as they ski."

Strangely enough, despite the upsurge in winter sports interest during recent years, there has been little acclaim for the heroic athletes who have sparked that interest.

It's not impossible that the situation will change, if the crowds that gather at various events throughout the country reflect the public's enthusiasm.

The annual meet of the Norge Ski Club outside of Chicago has attracted as many as 35,000 frigid spectators. It isn't unusual for Iron Mountain, Michigan, to lure 20,000 for a ski jump championship. Up in Bear Mountain, New York, last January, 28,000 spectators gathered to watch a ski jump competition which had no outstanding national significance.

These fans had chugged over icy and treacherous roads from all over New York and New England to see the picturesque and dangerous sport.

Women's athletics have been a negligible factor in the United States, as proved by our undistinguished efforts in the 1952 track and field Olympics. But almost as many women as men betake themselves to skiing, ice skating and bobsledding.

That America is making gigantic strides in the upper crust of skiing was demonstrated in the past Olympics when Andrea Mead Lawrence of Rutland, Vermont, won two gold medals. At the 1948 Olympics, Gretchen Fraser achieved a gold medal for the United States. No skiing crown has yet been attained by our men, but the groundswell in winter sports during recent years indicates that the 1956 games at Melbourne, Australia, may witness some startling results.

Smart money, incidentally, is getting behind ski resorts. C. V. Starr, an insurance man, learned to ski at Sun Valley and decided that it meant big business. He is said not only to have purchased the resort at Stowe, Vermont, but is reported to have put $1,000,000 into it. Beer man Fred Pabst, an ardent ski jumper, has spent a fortune on Big Bromley.

Some ski jumpers, like Pabst, have had wealth and, formerly, many bobsledders were millionaires who saw in that sport the pleasures and dangers of a game like polo. Lex Thompson fractured an ankle bobsledding, was miraculously not killed. Nowadays, most bobsledders are local citizens—garage mechanics, hotel operators, welders, and others—from the Lake Placid area; most ski jumpers and skiers are from the middle classes.

Out in Sun Valley today there is a man who epitomizes all the wonder and the courage which the sun and ice may generate. He is O. M. Mitchel, formerly of Stamford, Conn., president of the Sun Valley Ski Club, and a joyful companion on the slopes.

You will never suspect as he races down a hill that he lost a leg in the war and that he skis on an artificial limb he himself constructed! •

TASTE HELL

Continued from page 13

was gone. We had no forward flank at all.

The "Mad Arab" told me to get some troops together and move out ahead in the morning. He said that an air strike would be called up and we'd get ground support soon after. But we had to get up there with some of the infantry boys to hold the Commies back from an early assault in the morning.

I waited until some light broke across the sky, so that I could stand up without being mistaken for a North Korean. I ran from position to position, calling for volunteers to go up there with me. No one budged at first, but finally I got 12 men. My own crew was itching to go.

Checking the map with Captain Beziet, I figured the best route would be to the left of those trees, onto the twisting main road. That would give us speed with the tank, but it would make us an open target, too. We'd have to pass in view of the ridge, across the rice paddy, to get to that hill position beyond the tree patch.

About 8:45 a.m., we took off as fast as we could go, with the 12 riflemen squatting along the deck of my tank.

Tearing butt along that road, I could see the whole picture shape up as I squinted from the turret top slit. The land was flat and empty. Looked like East Texas a lot.

And then a horrible sight flashed quickly and suddenly in front of me.

It was where the road and some railroad tracks weaved close together, as we swung along the rim of the rice paddy.

And there, between the highway and the rails, were a bunch of American soldiers. They were dead. Their hands tied behind their backs.

It was sickening—that flash of murder. They'd been murdered without a chance of fairness. I wanted to stop. But to pull up, even for a moment, could have meant death to any of the 12 riflemen crouching on the deck of my tank. We were in firing range of the ridge. We had to keep going.

Trying to duck through the opened fire from the ridge, our tank snaked its way along for another 200 yards. We reached our objective—a cutout at the base of the hill on the south side of the paddy. It was 300 yards to the ridge.

Like cattle hugging the dry side of a barn, the 12 riflemen pushed close to the safety of our tank, under the rain of small arms fire that poured from across the paddy. I leaped from the vehicle and got the men deployed.

Then I scooted back down the shrubby embankment, as fast as I could, and into the tank.

Our tank was right on the edge of the main road. Without that road, the Reds wouldn't be able to move supplies ahead. They'd have to try and blast us out, but they'd have to cross the paddy—one way or another—to do it.

The way it looked, I'd have to get out of our M-24 with a telephone and call in instructions to my crew from outside, so

they could open up precision fire. We had a pair of .30-calibre machine guns and a .50 mounted, along with a .75 gun on the turret. Our ammo supply was stacked high. But we'd he up the creek if it ran out against a strong offense. We had no radio contact back to our outfit.

So out of the tank, I went, ducking behind it and scouting out the enemy.

For a while, it was easy. I kept hidden, phoning the instructions while my crew zeroed in on the North Koreans.

Almost everywhere we fired, we hit them. They were grouped in unmilitary clusters along the top of the ridge. Puffs of smoke from their rifles gave away new positions every minute. It was like popping off clay rabbits at a county fair.

I guess it must have gone on for about 45 minutes, our laying them flat on that ridge. Finally, they wised up a little. They began to send some men over the side of the ridge to come around our flank.

But they didn't wise up enough. The damn fools marched out in some sort of military order, like a platoon formation in single and double file. They didn't try to zig-zag or crouch.

I got a close look at them, before we opened up. Every third or fourth man was dressed as an American. They might have been captured soldiers. But we couldn't ask questions about it. They may have marched those guys out in the open so we wouldn't have dared shoot our own men. I don't know.

Anyway, we cut them down with machine gun fire. They didn't get off the ridge unless they fell off.

Every once in a while, the Reds would march another hatch of men over the side. Sometimes there were men in our uniforms but most of the time they were just their soldiers. We really cut them up.

Along about two hours had passed, when I noticed they took cover suddenly, forcing a lull in the firing.

I saw another American, silhouetted against the sky. He was by himself. He began to half-stagger down the ridge.

He started to scream out:

"I'm hit. I'm hit. I'm an American. I'm hit. I'm wounded. *Come and get me!*"

I wanted to run out and grab him. It seemed like only the devil would hold me back from running out there to get him. But it was certain death to try it.

The American was out in the paddy, still moving toward us, still crying out.

Then, they shot him down.

I signalled for heavier fire than ever. And it was then I noticed our support fire, from the hill above us, had stopped. I hadn't kept track of those 12 riflemen. They were gone. All 12 of them had left the hill and headed back through the trees behind us. We were alone.

The air strike still hadn't come in our support, and no troops had moved up to aid us. I checked over the phone with my ammo leader. He said the supply was running low. I ordered one of the crew to take off from the tank and go back by foot to call for fuel and ammunition.

As soon as he poked his head through the turret hatch, the Reds opened up heavier than ever, but he got out okay.

As long as we held that road position, we were all right, but the North Koreans were really getting excited.

We sent grazing machine gun fire along the ridge top. When they stood up to shoot or charge, we cut them down along the knees and then chopped bullets into them as they fell.

I saw one of the "dead" Americans out in that paddy move, a little after noon. His arm moved alongside of where he lay, into a shallow stream of filthy water and he scooped some of it into his mouth.

Every few minutes after that, I saw him bring the water to his face and then become still again.

All we had to worry about was running out of ammunition. If that happened we'd have to make a run for it. But we were too short on fuel to go far.

The tank crew wasn't worried. They were with me all the way. It was hot in there and they couldn't tell what was happening, but they stuck it out calmly.

We kept riddling them at full tilt until, suddenly, I saw a guy waving a white flag of some kind from the top of the ridge. We stopped firing.

"Hold up," he hollered in perfect English. "I want to have a talk with you." His English was too perfect. He'd probably been to school in America.

He advanced forward to the paddy. I stood ground by the tank. He hollered a warning to me that we were about to be blasted out, by long guns and tanks. He warned me that it would be better for us to surrender and play it safe.

But I told him to go jump. I told him we had heavy air support and a regiment due in a few minutes. I told him to start retreating back to the Parallel.

It didn't seem to dent him. In a half-bowing manner, he started all over again.

I gave him the same reply. He started in again. I told him to forget about the whole thing and go back to the ridge. He just kept talking away, like he was rehearsing a speech.

I gave him a warning that I was going to shoot him down, but he kept talking. I told the tank gunner over the phone to open up. That ended the truce.

They continued to send troops over the side of the ridge in orderly files. And we kept knocking them off. We got low in ammo about 3 p.m., after some six hours out there. Finally, above us on the hill, one of the Second Battalion outfits moved in to take cover. It was "E" Company. Boy, was I happy.

One of "E" Company's runners got down to our position and asked what the score was on the ridge. I told him pretty quick, and also told him about that American out in the paddy who was still scooping water.

A couple of medics slid their way down to our cut-out in a couple minutes. We laid down a barrage with the .75 and all three machine guns, so they'd be covered. They brought in the wounded soldier. He was a Mexican, one of "A" Company's three who stayed to protect the ridge the night before.

He'd picked up five machine gun bullet holes across his neck and shoulders, but he was going to live.

It looked like, with enough support from "E" Company, we could make a charge on the ridge within an hour, if we got some more ammo, fuel and tanks. We had to catch them off balance, before they could make a charge at night.

Just about the time we seemed to have

"Forget your stethoscope again, Dr Bengan?"

them stopped over there, I heard a wheezing-coughing sound, around the side of our hill. Coming around the bend was a big, lumbering Russian tank.

It was about 260 yards away from us. I got back into our vehicle as fast as I could move and closed the turret top. We wheeled around to face the T-34. I ordered off two rounds at it, but we didn't have time to get the range set right.

The T-34 let go a blast. We were hit hard. We spun around like our M-24 was made out of plywood. We spun around a full two-and-a-half turns in the road. We were on fire. It got hot as hell.

I leaped from the smoking tank. My crew moved out behind me. They took cover behind it. I ran about 10 yards up the hill to where a bazooka man was dug in. I grabbed his weapon and got back on the road.

The Russian tank was just passing by me, as I ran back in a crouch, and I let go a round at the turret. It was a direct hit. The T-34 stopped. It was on fire. Its crew climbed out. They were shot down, one at a time, as they left their tank, by our riflemen and by my crew.

Then I saw a second T-34 coming down the road. It was already past the bend and getting close. I fired the bazooka a second time and hit my mark right at the turret again.

When the Commies began to come tearing out of their tank this time, I was able to join the shooting match.

The way their tanks were stopped on the road, they had blocked off their own advance. We could sit out there all day and cut them down.

I ran up the hill, to tell the "E" Company captain about what the score was down there. When I found him, at the top of the hill, I was surprised to find out that he didn't even know about the tank battle that had taken place below.

He was so happy to hear the news, he said he'd have to radio back to Battalion Headquarters to tell them. I hollered at him to take it easy, but he jumped up. As soon as he showed himself clearly, he was killed by a bullet from the ridge.

It was a stupid way to die.

I began to head back to my tank, thinking we could pop off a few more before securing for the night. I doubled up and moved down in a crouch.

All of a sudden I felt a jarring wham hit my body. A sniper's bullet got me good and proper. The thing went into my left shoulder, below the collar bone, and out through the middle of my back.

I fell instantly on my back. It was about a yard-and-a-half from a place where three machine gunners were dug in. It felt at first like my left arm was gone. There was no feeling in it. The way I'd fallen, my arm was pinned under me. I thought it had been shot off.

It was about 4 p.m. when I was hit. For two hours I lay on that spot. I begged those three machine gunners for help.

I needed water. I wanted a cigaret. I asked them for sulpha, because I couldn't get at my first aid packet. They wouldn't budge. The bullets were coming too thick and too close.

I was numbed with the pain and I couldn't move around. I felt my big toe burn with a funny sensation at one time and later found out that a second sniper's bullet had passed along the very tip of the toe, not even making a tiny scratch, but numbing it for many weeks.

I could see only one of the medics running around, helping the injured. The rest remained pinned down.

Blood was spurting out of my shirt front, but it got worse as time wore on, because I started to cough blood, too.

Blood, in big, solid chunks, gushed so heavily that it forced my teeth apart. The convulsions forced my mouth to open from the pressure.

Finally, at about 6 p. m., the medic got to me and slowly hauled me in..

After he gave me a shot of morphine, he looked at the hole in my chest.

"That's not so bad," he assured me. "It's no bigger than a dime. You'll be good as new in a week."

Then he looked at the back, where the bullet had left. He found a hole there the size of a baseball.

It wasn't so bad at that. I was in a Texas hospital in four days, with my wife at my bedside. And, even though the bullet paralyzed my arm for months, I'm in pretty good shape now. I came back to the States with old "Pancho," the soldier who'd been lying out there in that paddy all day long, scooping filthy water.

There's a guy who really had it rough. •

A GOOD JUDGE OF MEN

Continued from page 24

days and quit, or they get stubborn and turn into pretty good hands. He was 21 or 22, a dark boy with a good build.

I remembered hearing about the Archer Corporation, and how they recently landed the fat airfield construction contract in North Africa. I asked Allan a few indirect questions and found out that it was his family.

So on Friday, on the last day of our three-week training period, we carried suitcases out to McGarron's big gray Cadillac sedan. The guns and liquor and food were in the trunk. We had to put the bags inside, so it was pretty cramped.

"Another day, another dollar," McGarron said, shoving his thumb into Tom Durboldt's ribs. McGarron was full of original cracks like that. We got in, and I sat beside McGarron, with the other three in back, Archer in the middle.

McGarron's driving made me nervous. He bullied his way through traffic, cursing everybody who wouldn't move over.

"I suppose I got a bunch of dead shots with me," he said.

"I can hit the ground with my hat every time," Jake said.

We bulled about previous hunting trips. I'd done a little, not much. Tom was a woodsman from way back. Jake and Allan Archer had never shot at anything except tin cans on fence posts. You could feel the strain in the car. McGarron knew just what his recommendations were going to be, and he could have taken the pressure off by letting us know. But that wasn't his way. He was going to talk about everything in the world except those four sales openings that we wanted. I certainly wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of hinting around, and I guessed Tom felt the same way.

But Jake brought it up, and I sort of liked the way he did it. We were about an hour from the city and had turned off onto narrow, pot-holed asphalt. Jake said, out of the clear sky, "Look, McGarron. We all want to relax and have a time. So tell us. Do we have jobs or don't we?"

I looked at McGarron's blunt profile and saw his lips tighten. Then he grinned. "Sure, Jake. I'll tell you. As far as I can see, three of you fellows are going to work out fine. I'm not sure about the other guy. I thought I'd make up my mind this weekend which three to choose."

"So who might not have a job?" Jake demanded.

"Hell," said McGarron, "I wouldn't want to spoil the weekend for one of you."

I had my arm along the top of the seat. I looked back at Jake. His eyes had a narrow smoky look, but he managed to keep his mouth shut. It was pretty obvious that McGarron wanted to run it like one of those TV shows, with $20,000 a year for the jackpot.

We got to his camp. It had a little one lung generator to pump the water and run the lights. There was a gasoline stove in the kitchen. The camp wasn't sealed, and you bung everything on nails sticking out of the studding. The porch overlooked the lake.

As soon as we got organized, McGarron broke out the liquor and made it evident that he expected every one of us to get just as tight as he was going to get. And he planned to get thoroughly boiled. Things were getting pretty fuzzy by the time we ate, and after the table was cleared, McGarron organized a poker game. By then Jake's eyes looked pretty bloodshot. Tom's mouth was sliding all over his face, and Allan Archer was as pale as death.

McGarron just got louder and redder. He demanded that we play table stakes pot limit, which is a rugged game in any man's league. Drunk as I was, I knew what Jake held every time. Tom played a steady game, but unimaginative. It was

the Archer kid who surprised me. I don't know where he learned his poker. Jake went broke in the first hour, stumbled over to a bunk, fell in and began to snore. Tom was losing steadily. I was trying like hell to stay even. McGarron and Archer were splitting Jake's money and Tom's.

We'd killed three fifths by midnight, and one of those big pots came along. I opened with two pair and found I'd opened into McGarron's pat hand and into a one card draw by Archer. I didn't fill and checked, then folded as McGarron bet. Tom had already folded. He yawned and said, "Enough for me," and wandered out into the night.

McGarron had bet small, considering his pat hand. Allan, with his face like chalk, made a substantial raise.

"Sucked you in that time, son," McGarron said heartily. He matched the raise and bet big.

"And another raise to you." Archer said tonelessly.

"I sure like to take money away from stubborn people," McGarron said, betting right back. They had shoved the pot up above five hundred dollars by then. I knew it didn't mean much to McGarron, and probably less to Allan Archer.

Archer calmly pushed everything he had left out. Two or three hundred I guess it was. As it was table stakes, that was all he could do. And it was going to take just about everything McGarron had in front of him to call.

"Excuse me," Archer said in a strangled voice. He put his cards face down on the table and stumbled to the door. In a moment we heard him being sick at the end of the porch.

I sat there and McGarron sat there. He fiddled with his cash and kept looking over at Archer's cards.

"Hate to take the kid's money," McGarron said jovially.

I didn't answer.

"He's betting right into me."

"He knows the game," I said.

McGarron leaned forward. Archer had been sitting on my left. McGarron looked hard at me. "What has he got, Ralph?"

I stared at McGarron. "Are you kidding?"

The man was drunk. Pig-drunk, but under enough control to know what he was doing. He smiled, and it was a peculiarly womanish smile. "Ralphie, how do you know who it is that I'm wondering about? You want the job?"

"I don't want it that bad, McGarron. I don't want any job that bad."

He could see I meant it, and I could almost hear his mind ticking over. He leaned back and grinned expansively. "And we wouldn't want any man working for us who'd do a thing like that, Ralph. Jus' a test. Jus' a li'l test."

Archer came back in, his eyes watery. He sat down and shuddered.

McGarron said, "Well, it won't do any good to raise you again. Only thing I can do is call, I suppose."

"Or fold," Archer said evenly.

"With this hand? Son, you seldom see a hand like this." McGarron pushed the money out. "I'm calling," he said.

Allan Archer flipped his cards over casually. Four lovely bullets. "Got one on the draw," he said.

McGarron's little blue eyes squeezed almost shut. He ripped his five cards in half and threw them at the fireplace and stumped out. I went over and looked at the pieces. He'd had kings full. A tough one to lose.

Archer said, "It's me, you know. He doesn't want me hired."

"Hell, you can't be sure."

"I am sure, though."

"Does it mean a lot to you?"

He stood up slowly. "It means . . . more than I can tell you, Ralph."

"Maybe it would have helped if you folded that hand."

"I thought of it."

"I'm glad you didn't." . . .

McGarron was up at seven, bellowing around, sending out repulsive waves of morning good cheer. Jake was grim, Tom was sleepy, and I had a head like a hippo's gall bladder. Breakfast helped a little. Afterward, McGarron issued the firearms and ammunition and acted like a top kick. We walked for two miles and then McGarron posted Jake and Tom and myself in the flats where two creeks came down a long slope.

McGarron said, "Archer and I will go around the hill and come down those creek beds. Chances are we'll either get a shot up in there, or drive a couple out. You guys take it easy this time. You ready, son? You're going to have to make tracks to keep up with me."

Archer nodded and away they went. McGarron setting a fast pace.

I moved over toward Tom. Jake joined us. We had a cigarette and I told them about McGarron and the cards. Jake made a few juicy comments about McGarron's parentage.

"I think we're safe," Tom said. "It's the kid he's down on. And the kid doesn't know how to play up to him. McGarron thinks he's the world's complete man, and the kid acts like he doesn't go along with the estimate."

"I hate to get a job from a bastard like McGarron," Jake said. "And for my money, the kid is all right."

"McGarron likes his war of nerves," I said. "I wish we could make him feel as insecure as he's making us feel."

Tom ground out his cigarette. "You might have an idea there, Ralph."

"How do you mean?" Jake demanded.

"There might be some risk in it. I mean there's an outside chance it might make him so upset he'd turn the whole lot of us down," Tom said.

"I don't give a damn," Jake said. "Do you, Ralph?"

"Let's hear the idea first."

Tom hitched himself forward and instinctively lowered his voice. "I've been working for Dillon for a long time. The big boys in manufacturing hate McGarron's guts, but they respect him because the changes he demands usually go over big in the field. But he rides rough-shod over so many people in the company there's always been a bunch trying to get rid of him. McGarron knows it, and he knows he's safe because P. J. Dillon thinks McGarron is the best in the business.

"Dillon is the guy who saves McGarron's bacon every time. He's a tough old cookie and he'll probably live to be a hundred and six. If he ever retired, McGarron would last about ten minutes, and McGarron knows it. Hell, if P. J. retired, every regional sales office would declare a public holiday and burn effigies of McGarron. Now, I think if we very carefully manufacture a rumor about P. J. Dillon, it will spoil the hell out of McGarron's weekend."

"Lovely!" Jake said reverently.

"I know the company well enough to make it sound good," Tom said. "Now let's set it up." . . .

The deer were conspicuous for their absence, and we plunged around in the brush until we were as hungry as wolves. It was easy to see that McGarron was trying to wear us out. Jake and I kept up as well as he did. But Tom and Archer began to show serious signs of wear. The more their butts dragged, the happier McGarron acted.

We ate a heavy meal and then went out onto the porch. There was a wind blowing out toward the lake. McGarron collected the empty bottles, put some water in them so they'd float low, and heaved them out.

While he was getting the guns Jake groaned and whispered, "Now he's got to show us he's the world's best shot."

McGarron made us wait until the bottles were well out. The neck of a bottle at 150 yards isn't much of a target. There was no danger of stray shots because the mountain on the opposite shoreline was too steep for anybody to stand on it, much less build camps.

McGarron said, "Six shots apiece, fellows. You take all your shots in a row. Get a bottle and everybody else owes you five bucks. Okay?"

"This is turning into an expensive weekend," Jake said unhappily.

We matched odd man and had to flip about eight times before Jake was elected to try first. He shot quite a group around the nearest bottle. You could have covered his group with a freight car. I was next, and I did better, but not well enough to get myself a bottle. McGarron won the next flip and got a bottle on his third shot. He gave a yelp of triumph and switched his aim to the next one. He was very, very close with every shot, but he missed. Tom did about as well as me.

Archer shot last.

He missed with his first, got a bottle with his second.

"Nice going," McGarron said, meaning it not at all.

Archer got the third and last bottle with his fourth shot. McGarron got some more bottles. The rest of us begged off. He shot it out with Archer, and Archer was clearly the better shot. That was another mistake.

McGarron wasn't even subtle about it. He was so sore he didn't let a decent interval elapse before he said, "I might as well tell you, Archer. I'm not going to recommend you for the job."

Allan looked at him steadily, lips compressed. "Why?"

"Son, it's nothing personal. You just haven't got a sales personality."

"You mean I don't bellow at people

and keep shoving them while I talk to them like you do, Mr. McGarron?"

"Don't get snotty with me, son," he said in a dangerous voice.

I glanced at Tom. Tom gave an imperceptible nod and said, "McGarron, before you get too hasty, I think I better talk over something with you."

McGarron wheeled on him. "You trying to tell me my job?"

"No. We all like you, McGarron. We'd hate to see you get clobbered up. Doesn't the Archer Company buy from Dillon?"

"Sure, but that doesn't make any difference. You trying to tell me, Durboldt, that I got to hire this kid so they'll keep buying equipment?"

"Not at all. I just thought maybe Allan here could help put the Archer Company behind you this month, and that might help."

McGarron stared at him. "Behind me? What the hell are you talking about?"

"Don't you know about P. J.?" Tom asked with bland surprise.

I saw McGarron's hands tighten on the porch railing. "What about P. J.?"

"Poor health. He's retiring at the end of the month."

McGarron laughed, but his heart wasn't in it. "Why, that old coot is as tough as saddle leather!"

"Bad heart, they say. Dolmer is taking over." Tom shrugged his shoulders sadly. "As long as you as much as told us, McGarron, that we're hired, I think I can speak frankly. I've heard Dolmer cussing you out. Harkness told me once that Dolmer told him that if he ever took over the firm, his first act was going to be to fire you and make damn well sure that you didn't wangle any pension out of the Board. So when you tell Allan here you can't use him, I wonder if maybe you're letting your own ammunition get damp."

"Why, old P. J. wouldn't let Dolmer or anybody else can me! By God, I've been with the firm for thirty years and I know more about . . ."

"How did Dolmer sound when you and he were going around and around last winter? The way I hear it, he doesn't think you're indispensable, McGarron."

Jake came in nicely, right on cue. He snapped his fingers. "Say, now I get it! Is Dolmer a little fat guy with a starched collar? Sure, then. The other day when I met him in the hall he asked me how I was getting along with Mr. McGarron. I said okay, I guessed. Then he told me not to worry, that McGarron wouldn't be bothering me once I got out in the field. That didn't make much sense at the time, but now I get it."

Jake had given the last little shove necessary. A hell of a lot of bluster went out of McGarron in seconds. His face looked as though something behind it, some structural members, had suddenly collapsed.

He said, in a low voice, "What the hell would I do? I've got some money, but . . . Just what the hell will I do?"

"Can't you put the pressure on Dolmer?" Tom asked.

McGarron looked through us. He said, very softly, "It had to be Dolmer, didn't it? It couldn't have been anybody else. You do what you have to do to run your job and then . . ."

He got up suddenly and left us there, sitting on the porch. When he was out of hearing distance, Tom said. "I almost feel sorry for the old foop. Want to let him off the hook?"

"Let him squirm," Jake said. "I love it."

"What's going on?" Allan asked. We told him. He didn't look either approving or disapproving.

About an hour later McGarron told Archer that he was going to "give him a chance to prove himself." Allan thanked him politely. Tom and Jake and I shook hands and told Allan he was going to have to give us the usual employment agency fee.

At three in the afternoon McGarron started getting drunk. Not drunk like the night before. This was a morose, brooding drunkenness. He sat in a chair with a bottle between his feet and looked at distant ghosts. I got sick of watching him and went down to the lake shore. Tom joined me a while later.

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"I tried to water down that rumor to take him off the hook, Ralph, but now he's convinced himself. Now he thinks they've been looking at him in a funny way for the last few weeks. Damn it, I wish we hadn't done it."

"Why not? Give the guy a taste of his own medicine."

"They never had any kids and his wife died about five years ago. He works fifteen hours a day because he just hasn't got any other interests."

"Well, maybe he'll remember how it felt and take it easier on the next guys he trains. We're doing a public service."

At dusk McGarron fell off the chair, out like a light. We hoisted his hulk into a bunk and played some listless bridge until it was time to turn in. When I woke up in the morning he was back at the table with another bottle in front of him. He looked at me and through me.

"Thir'y years," he said thickly. "Thir'y years an' sall a gra'tude a man gets."

"Cheer up," I said. "It isn't the end of the world."

"Thir'y years," he said. And he looked as though he'd aged 30 years.

"When are we going back?" I asked him. I had to ask it three times before it got through to him.

He flapped a big hand. "Go anytime."

We had a conference in front of him. He didn't hear a word. We decided to load him into the car and drive back. It had worked too good. Too damn good. And he was making us nervous. Like little kids who tried smoking and burned down the barn.

He lurched out heavily while we were packing. "Let him go," Jake said. "We'll round him up when we're ready to start."

It was Allan who saw him through the window. Allan made a funny sound and raced for the door, but before he could reach it, we heard the shot, turned and saw what he had seen.

McGarron had held the muzzle in his mouth with both hands and pulled the trigger on a nail sticking out of one of the porch posts. It was very messy. We knew enough not to touch him. The body smashed one of the porch chairs as it fell and the Winchester miraculously still hung from the big nail. As in most suicide cases, there had been a loss of control of bodily functions in the split second of death.

Archer and Jake stayed with the body after we had decided on a story. Tom was all for telling the complete truth. We told him that nothing would be gained thereby. We told him that it proved that McGarron was mentally unbalanced, anyway.

None of us believed it, but we said it with conviction. And we all wanted those sales jobs. Dillon wasn't going to give any sales jobs to people who talked his sales manager into killing himself.

We brought Tom around to where he agreed to stick to the story that McGarron had been depressed and drinking and we didn't know why he'd done it.

It was funny the way we avoided looking at each other's eyes.

Tom and I found a phone and got in touch with the state police and gave them directions. They arrived back at the camp ten minutes after we did, bringing the county coroner with them. We answered all the questions and got permission to take the Cadillac back to the city.

Sunday night I told Peg the whole story. I sat in the hotel room and looked at the floor and told her everything. I wanted to be punished the way a kid sometimes wants to be punished, hoping it will take away the knowledge of having done wrong. But I knew that there was no one to administer the punishment.

Peg asked me if I wanted to go back with Kimball and Stroud, if that would help at all. We decided it wouldn't. Jobs like this one don't grow on trees.

So the new sales manager came in from the regional office where he'd been in charge, and he assigned me to the New Orleans District and I was glad that I was sent there alone so that I wouldn't have Jake and Tom and Allan around to remind me of what we had done.

The whole incident made me think, somehow, of a package tied up, but with the dangling strings uncut. During the first few months on the new job I felt as though I were waiting for something. You wish, sometimes, for an impartial fate to come along and cut the strings off close to the knot.

In April, P. J. Dillon died of a heart attack and Dolmer took over. That seemed to help a little.

But a month later Allan Archer got the hounce because, according to rumor, he didn't have the personality for the job. And that didn't help a bit. •

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